

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World A WEEKLY

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Week of June 2, 1946



Painting by Willy Pogany—**Aucassin and Nicolette**—The World's Most Poetic Romance Retold by John Erskine

NICOLETTE, at the break in the dungeon wall, heard Aucassin praise her beauty and knew he loved her. She answered clearly: "Gentle knight, I flee to a far land, beyond your father's wrath. Never may you have joy of me, nor I of you."
a. She snipped off a golden curl and dropped it into his outstretched hand. He held it tight, and threatened to kill himself if she left him.

"Aucassin," said she, "do not exaggerate. I love you more than you love me."

"Now that is absurd," said he, "no woman can love as a man loves, for man's love is rooted in his heart."

Before she could answer, the tramp of the guards came down the street, their swords ready to make an end of her as Count Garin had ordered.

But a friendly sentinel warned her just in time, whereupon she hid until the guards had passed.

Then taking farewell of Aucassin, she climbed the wall and made her way over the moat. The wild forest stretched before her and she had nowhere else to go.

(Next week Mr. Erskine continues the romance of the despairing lovers.)

GRIM TRAFFIC of ECUADOR'S Headhunters

By Negley Farson

THE Jivaro shrunken human heads are a fact. You may buy them along Front Street, at Colon, when your ship reaches Panama. Although I would be careful there: Those artful little devils, the Japs, used to fake them from unborn lamb's heads. But from there on any head that you are offered (and it will now be done very furtively) will be almost certain to be the real thing.

The heads are about the color of old brown shoe leather, shrunken to about one-third normal size. They are about the size of a large orange. From them dangles, like a self-provided shroud, at least a foot or so of their previous owner's black hair. With every real Jivaro head, the lips are sewn together with a tough, straw-colored fiber, whose long ends dangle from the mouth. The theory is that the Jivaros sew



Jivaro Woman—Her Tribe Has Made a Racket Out of Selling Shrunken Heads to the Tourist Trade.

up those lips so that their former owners may not speak to put a curse on them.

I was offered three of these human heads in a drug store at Popayan, in the Republic of Colombia. I had gone in there to buy quinine, as I was just going to cross the Andes and go down to the Pacific slope. The druggist closed the door of his backroom. "Even over here in Colombia," he said, possibly to make me think they were more worth-while buying, "you will get into trouble if you are caught with these things. Over in Ecuador—well, they will fine you \$400 for every head that you are caught with."

"You see," he went on, "the Jivaro Indians used to regard these things merely as war trophies. Spoils of the chase, as it were. But then they found that there was a big future in it. They could trade them—at a big price—to the Ecuadorian middlemen. And it is only a matter of time before the head is being offered to you in Quito—or down at Guayaquil."

"And so," he said, coming to the real point — "This Jivaro head business has become a racket. The Ecuadorian Government fears now that the Jivaros no longer come by these heads in a legitimate way—that is, say, chopping off the head of some other Indian who has tried to kill them. No—they go out collecting heads. For the tourist trade."

These Jivaro headhunters live in the vast, almost unmapped territory, known as the "Oriente" that lies east of Ecuador below the Andes. Captain Locke, D.S.O., head of the Andes-Amazon Expedition, told me in Quito, that he was absolutely convinced that no white man has yet discovered the secret of how the Jivaro Indians shrink these heads.

This is interesting, for there have been several people who have written books lately, claiming to show how it is done. Thirty-five years ago, with open mouth, sitting on the porch of the Corinthian Yacht Club, on the Delaware River, I listened to one man—holding up one of these grim heads—explain how it was done. The Jivaros, he declared, string them like fish after a big raid; fiber in through the mouth, out the neck. When they get home they part the hair at direct center on the top of each skull, slit the skin, pull out the skull and boil the head, with all its hair on, until it has shrunk to a desired size.

Afterwards, they iron it with hot stones and plump it up into the shape of a human head again. Having given it a good comb and sewing up the lips, to keep it quiet, they hang it up before their jungle homes.

Others, and I have heard several

accounts, assert that the skin is not slit at the top of the skull, but that dry beans are poured inside the scooped-out skull; water is poured in to make the beans swell. When the cranial bones are pulled apart from their interstices, the bones are drawn out through the neck.

Be that as it may, and despite several books I have read, I am still unconvinced. I agree with Captain Locke that no white man has ever seen a Jivaro actually shrink a human head.

I did not buy any of those heads offered me at Popayan: 1. because I felt that it would bring me bad luck. 2. because by the time I had got as far as that drug store in South America I had lost most of my ability to be surprised.

You will understand my rage, therefore, when I was nudged awake long after midnight, in my Quito hotel bedroom, to meet an Indian's face—who was holding one of these shrunken heads within six inches of my own. The lips of this one had not been sewn, although it looked genuine. It made me shudder to stroke the long smoky-black hair. At Guayaquil, even when I was aboard an American steamer, about to leave Ecuador, an oily souvenir peddler sidled up and tried to make me buy a head. I pushed him away. An English shipping clerk said to me: "I wish you had taken a good look at it. Did it have red hair? One of our chaps went over into the Oriente last year . . . and never came back."

That night, out in the cool Pacific, I told the Captain about this. He did not laugh. He told me the story of an old German anthropologist.

This German knew about all there was to be known about the Andean

"Here He Is," Giggled the Old German, "Here's Your Old Friend—Looking Right at You!" It Was Unmistakably the Head of the Man Who Had Gone to Find Out How the Jivaros Shrink Their Human Trophies.

and Amazon Indians. All, except that secret which had always eluded him: How the Jivaros shrink these human heads. This German's best friend was the retired manager of a coastal shipping line, who often used to give his friend rides up and down the coast. One trip the German cut inland. "I am going to find out how the Jivaros shrink those heads!" he declared. "Or I won't come back!"

Nothing was heard of him for two years. Then when the British ex-ship manager was sitting on one of his company's boats in Callao harbor one morning, a messenger boy came out with a note. It was from another German who kept an antique and curiosity shop on shore. Would the Englishman please call on him?

"Well, here he is," giggled the old German when the old Englishman walked in. "Here's your old friend—looking right at you!"

"Good God!" cried the Englishman, and jumped back. There it was. Unmistakable. The bald head, the Kaiser Wilhelm mustache. "Go on! Go on! I'll make it cheap," urged the old curiosity dealer. "Take him with you—like you used to do."

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY



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Foe of Cancer, Goitre and Leukemia

By Win Brooks



THREE terrible diseases which afflict mankind—cancer, toxic goitre and leukemia—may be wiped out eventually or brought under control if medical science is given a free hand in the field of nuclear physics which produced the atomic bomb.

Radioactive iodine already is being successfully used in the treatment of toxic goitre (Graves disease). Permanent cures,

without recourse to surgery, seem to be indicated.

Experimental treatment in cancer cases through the use of radioactive substances is promising. Experiments in leukemia cases to date have consisted merely of palliative treatment and while no cure can be reported advances are being made.

The atom-smashing cyclotron at Massachusetts Institute of Technology is being used to make radioactive medicine in which great physicians and great scientists place great hopes, but the process is long and extremely expensive and the supply of materials is extremely limited.

Radioactive iodine is produced in the cyclotron by smashing atoms of tellurium, a non-metallic element analogous to sulphur.

The radioactive iodine resulting from a full night's work of the cyclotron staff is an amount which will hardly fill a cocktail glass! Sometimes one radioactive iodine cocktail will cause a goitre and the symptoms of goitre to vanish.

But the point is this: if the government would release the highly radioactive uranium from its atomic bomb stockpiles, sufficient radioactive iodine could be produced, comparatively cheaply, to treat every case of toxic goitre in the country!

As recently as March, in a Boston address touching upon the use of radioactive iodine, Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said:

"Probably the greatest uranium piles which have been designated in connection with the atomic bomb development and

which give off enormous quantities of radiation may supply a new radiation tool for medical science."

It was another address by Dr. Compton ten years ago which launched the production of radioactive iodine for medical use in goitre treatment. Dr. Compton asked medical men and scientists to join in research in the use of physical chemical tools. The possibility of activating iodine with beta rays was discussed.

Dr. Saul Hertz, at that time only 30 years of age but already established as head of the thyroid clinic at Massachusetts General Hospital, and a research associate at Harvard and M.I.T., was among those present.

Other great medical and scientific men who were immediately impressed included Dr. J. H. Means, Dr. Arthur Roberts, a nuclear physicist; Dr. Earl M. Chapman, another great thyroid specialist, and Dr. Robley Evans, Tech professor who later assumed charge of the M.I.T. cyclotron program.

Result of that meeting was construction of Tech's cyclotron and the first production of radioactive iodine for experimental use on rabbits. The thyroid gland, which causes goitre, was found to absorb within five minutes all the iodine it could hold. Many times as much iodine went to the thyroid gland as to any other part of the body.

Thus iodine, alive with radioactivity, went almost immediately to the seat of goitre and its beta rays began a bombardment of the diseased gland. The dose acted as a medicine gun on the goitre to disintegrate it.

Dr. Hertz and his associates negotiated with Tech for the production of radioactive iodine in the cyclotron. When Dr. Hertz entered the Navy as a commander in 1943, 29 patients had been treated with radioactive iodine at his Massachusetts General Hospital clinic. Most of these were women suffering from toxic goitre. Excellent results in the earliest cases were reported in 1942 and confirmation of the

work of Drs. Hertz and Roberts came from California Institute of Technology, where radioactive iodine also was used.

When Dr. Hertz entered the Navy, Dr. Chapman was chosen to head the Massachusetts General Hospital thyroid clinic, follow the cases begun and extend the treatments. Twenty-two new cases received radioactive iodine under his direction.

Among goitre patients who took the radioactive "cocktail" were two young men, one of whom later served with the Army, winning five battle stars. The other served in the Navy. In another case, "the physical presence of goitre vanished and nearly all symptoms of hyperthyroid condition disappeared one month after the patient, a young mother of two children, swallowed one small dose of radioactive iodine.

Medical science is slow to claim complete cure of goitre by radioactive medicine. All cases in which a cure appears to have been effected remain under observation on the possibility that the growth may again begin as it sometimes does.

Radioactive iodine is virtually tasteless. The small "cocktail" has no ill effect on the patient. A larger dose sometimes causes a brief spell of nausea. Hospitalization of the patient is not necessary except for research.

As with the sulfa drugs and penicillin, and more recently with streptomycin, a tremendous public demand is expected to develop for radioactive iodine and, as research develops in the fields of cancer and leukemia, for other radioactive medicines. But unless the government decides to use uranium as a life-saver—instead of as a life-annihilator, medical science will be unable to respond.

Other advances in atomic medicine will be reported by The American Weekly. How radioactive iodine has saved the life of a victim of cancer of the thyroid gland will be described next week.



Dr. Saul Hertz

MEDICINE



Cured of Goitre With One Dose

By Anna D. Dane



AM 53, happy in love and marriage and motherhood, grateful to God and a miracle of medical science for life and good health.

My home is 100 Walnut st., Watertown, Mass. I was married in 1918. My husband for many years has conducted a men's and women's retail furnishing business, at stores in Newton and Boston. We have been blessed with three children, a son now 27, another son, 23, who is with the U. S. Army in Austria, a daughter who is now 16 years of age.

Until 1941 I enjoyed normally good health. I was always active, in my household as well as in my husband's business. My weight was about 135. My dress size was 20.

In 1941 I began to fail. In 15 months of 1941 and 1942 I lost 32 pounds. My dress size dropped from a 20 to an 18, and a 16, and finally to a 14. This was a decline so gradual that while it alarmed me and my family we had no realization of its terrible portent.

Normally energetic but calm I went gradually into a state of extreme nervousness. While walking I never could seem to walk fast enough for the urge within me, yet nobody could walk fast enough to keep up with me. On Sundays, preparing dinner, I rushed around the house like a cyclone in response to an engine racing inside me. My daughter used to say:

"Mother, there's no need of rushing around today. Take it easy. Nobody's in a hurry. It's Sunday!"

But I couldn't slow down. I couldn't relax. I felt an increasingly extreme fatigue, yet I had to be everlastingly on the go. My pulse was fast, my heart hammered. Waiting for sleep to come at night the pounding of my heart was like a clock-tick racing in the room.

In the later months of my illness a slight swelling appeared at the base of my neck and my eyes took on a glazed, distended appearance.

A woman's mirror, which tells her many secrets, whispers none more alarming than those. They were the first outward manifestations of toxic goitre, though I did not then know it. I knew only that a strange tension held me fast in an unbreakable grip, that I continued to lose weight and that some fire within me seemed to consume me. I could never seem to get cool enough, even in winter. To achieve sleep, even when the temperature hovered around zero, I needed all windows open in my bedroom, much to the discomfort of my husband who is a sufferer from a chronic bronchial condition aggravated by night air.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

In an attempt to stop losing weight I began to eat huge meals, twice as much as I ordinarily ate. My breakfasts were tremendous and I drank egg-nogs before going to bed. Consuming the extra food was no effort. The fire burning up my energy demanded more and more fuel. Yet my weight continued to drop.

For some months my husband's sister watched my failing health with an anxiety which became acute once she believed she recognized symptoms of an overactive thyroid gland. She and my husband urged me to consult a doctor without voicing their suspicions. Though the swelling in my throat had not yet begun, the hammering of my pulse was more pronounced and the sense of a tightening within me—the eternal tension—grew and grew.

Finally I went to a physician who made lung X-rays and tested my heart. Both tests were negative. This was only six months after I had begun to fail and my symptoms were not so extreme as to be obvious to him. He prescribed a tonic and for the next nine months I consumed bottles of tonic and hundreds of pounds of extra food.

Steadily my weight dropped. Month after month I continued to fail. And in my neck the swelling began.

My weight was 103 and I could wear a size 14 dress but I was no longer interested in dresses—and when a woman is no longer interested in dresses she is really sick! My husband and his sister for a long time had been pleading with me to consult a specialist or enter a hospital for a thorough check-up, and I finally agreed to go to Massachusetts General Hospital.

There, at the thyroid clinic, I first met Dr. Saul Hertz, director of the clinic and a research associate at Harvard Medical School and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I was not aware at the time that he had pioneered in the use of radioactive iodine for treatment of goitre cases. In fact I knew nothing of radioactive iodine: Iodine to me was something you put on a cut if you nipped a finger slicing bread.

Under Dr. Hertz' direction I underwent my first test to determine my basal metabolic rate, the indicator of thyroid gland activity. He computed my excessively high rate, made other examinations and told me:

"You very definitely have a goitre."

I said nothing. I knew, or thought I knew, what that meant: major surgery or death.

Dr. Hertz said: "I might have told you that with reasonable certainty just observing you if you sat across from me in a street car." He then explained the obvious symptoms.

I am not a natural worrier but I was deeply concerned about the prospect of thyroid surgery. Would it be successful? I had heard of cases where it was not. I knew that one surgeon had cut 30,000 women's throats to remove goitre. Who would care for my family during a long period of hospitalization and convalescence?

It was I, not Dr. Hertz, who first mentioned an operation.

He said: "I can't promise but we may be able to do something for you without surgery."

He then went on to explain simply about radioactive iodine. How he had contracted with Massachusetts Institute of Technology for its manufacture in the cyclotron. How he had used it in more than 20 cases as a convenient method of introducing beta ray irradiation into the thyroid itself without affecting other organs or tissues adjacent to the thyroid.

I confess I was a little confused and a little doubtful. It seemed incredible, impossible, that a small dose of medicine might attack and destroy the growth which menaced my life. But Dr. Hertz was quietly confident and he won my trust and a few weeks later I entered Massachusetts General Hospital to "take my medicine."

It had been explained to me that hospitalization was not necessary due to my condition or to the medicine I was to take but only for the purposes of research in order that a constant check on my reactions could be kept.

For two days I went through certain tests and about noon of the third day Dr. Hertz himself brought my radioactive iodine which had just come from the M.I.T. cyclotron. It was in a small capped bottle, colorless. Dr. Hertz poured it into a glass, carefully rinsing vial and cap in order not to lose any of the precious medicine. The rinsing water and another small amount were added to the radioactive iodine and I drank it in a swallow. It had only a slight taste.

What's the next step?

That's all there is to it.

I EXPERIENCED no ill effects of any kind, no nausea or faintness. I remained in the hospital for about 10 days, up and about, eating well. I didn't lose any more weight but I still felt greatly fatigued. Yet daily tests showed my basal metabolic rate had begun to drop to normal.

Finally Dr. Hertz told me with a smile to go home and take things easy for two weeks and then see him again.

In two weeks I gained 10 pounds—the first time in 15 months I had been able to check my falling weight and put on an ounce. My basal metabolic rate had continued to drop. I felt much better. A great deal of my tension was gone, much of my nervousness. I was able to relax.

It is difficult to describe the peace and elation which came to me during the following months. My pulse ceased its racing, my heart its terrific hammering. Every visit to Dr. Hertz showed steady progress. The swelling left my throat and with it the feeling of constriction. The appearance of my eyes became normal.

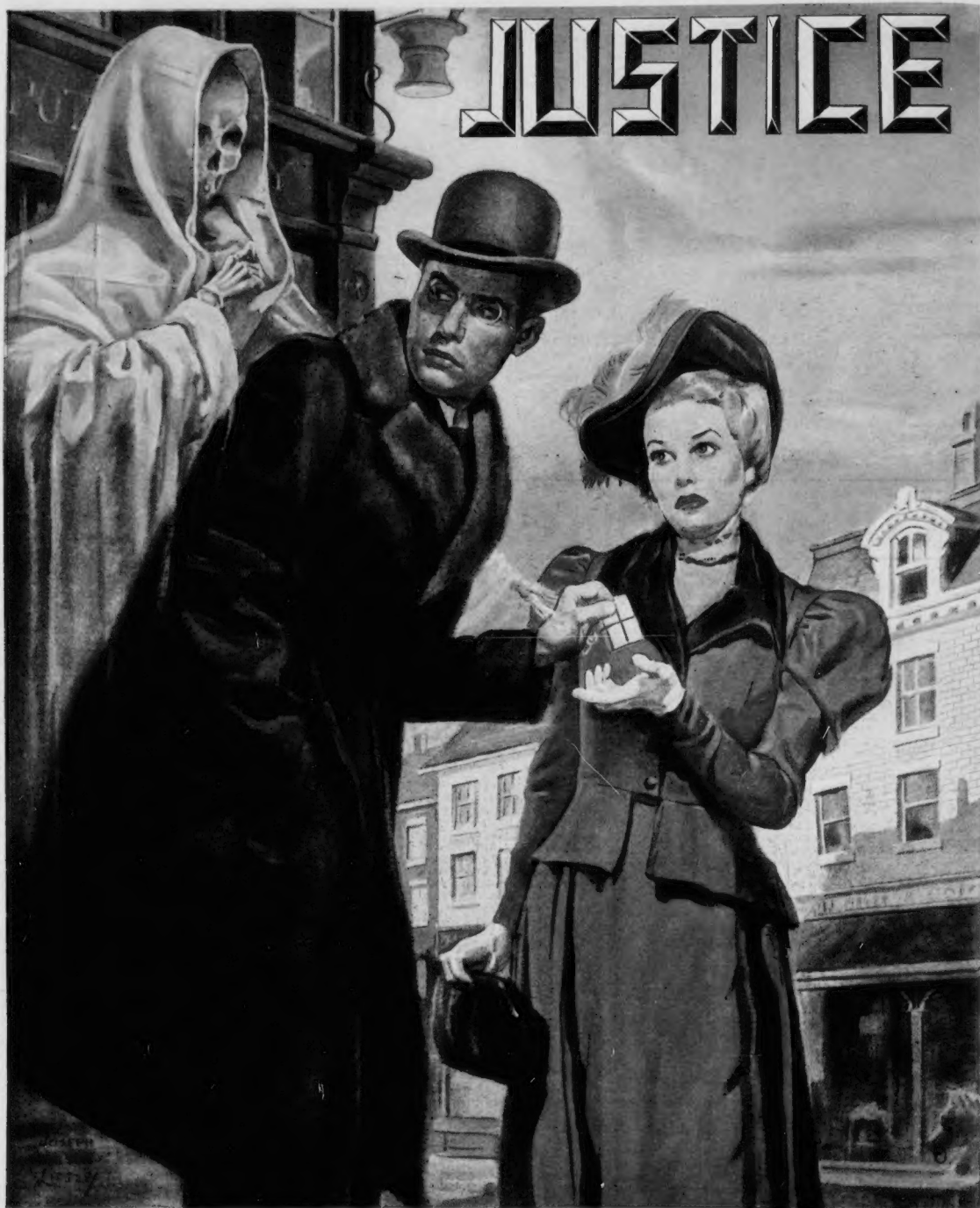
My mirror told me daily a happier story. My weight increased so I no longer could wear the small size dresses which had been too large for me. I was better than a new woman; I was the woman I had been before my goitre began to grow.

I took only that single dose of radioactive iodine, yet when Dr. Hertz entered the Navy seven months after my treatment, all outward and inward symptoms of goitre had vanished.

That was three years ago. I remain in excellent health, at peace in mind and body, serene, thankful.



Mrs. Anna D. Dane



By Paul Gallico
CHAPTER I

ONE Saturday afternoon, it was Oct. 14, 1911, to be exact, two people, a man and a girl, sat over luncheon in a little side-street restaurant in downtown Boston. Had you been at a neighboring table you would have noticed this couple, their heads close together, talking to each other in subdued voices, and you would have spared them another glance with the thought—"What a charming young pair. How well they fit together. How obviously she is in love with him." You would never have suspected the tragic tenor of the words they exchanged, or surmised the identity of the third guest who, unseen, occupied a place at their table.

The Unseen Guest at Their Table Arose and Went With Them Out Into the Street, Walking at Their Side Until He Saw the Man Slip a Small Packet Into Her Hand.

The man was a Minister, and startlingly handsome in his dark broadcloth and gleaming white collar that matched his black hair and fine white teeth. He looked more like an athlete or an actor than a pastor, with wide shoulders, erect carriage and deep-set and compelling eyes. His glossy hair was thick and wavy, his jaw firm and resolute.

The girl was as slim and dainty as a China figurine, with ash blond hair and blue eyes. The youthful beauty of her face and fair complexion was enhanced by the glow of loving worship that

Illustrated by JOSEPH WATSON LITTLE

came to it whenever she looked upon the man who sat opposite her and clasped her hand.

He asked her a question and before she replied she dropped her eyes and her cheeks were scarlet. Then she found the courage to answer.

"N-no, Clarence. . . I'm afraid it's going to be. . . I'm going to. . . Oh Clarence, I'm frightened."

TENDERLY, the big man soothed her fears. He patted her hand and said—"Come now, Avis, there's nothing to be afraid of. There is still time. There are ways in which you can be helped. A friend of mine whom I can trust has suggested. . .

June 2, 1946

For a Ruined Girl

If you will do exactly as I say, perhaps..."

The girl looked at him bleakly for a moment. Her heart wanted to hear him say that he would marry her at once. If for the moment he wished it otherwise,—she trusted him completely.

They talked a while longer, he murmuring low instructions that belonged more in the ken of a man of the world than one of the cloth. Then they got up to leave. The unseen guest at their table arose and went with them out into the street, walking at their side until he saw the man slip a small packet into the hand of the girl.

Smiling his bitter smile, the unseen guest at that luncheon, who was Death, turned away.

ON MONDAY morning, Oct. 16, the gang in the city room of the young and struggling Boston American, a newspaper that was but a few years old and had not yet made its mark in the community, was winnowing the week-end news and setting up the day's assignments.

On opposite sides of the city desk sat Fred Spayde, city editor, and Harleigh Schultz, his assistant. Reporters Frank J. (Daisy) Donahue and Frank Nichols were at their never-ending game of pinocle. Kibitzing were reporters Walter (Dutch) Mahan and Tom Phelan. Bert Ford, Boston's best-dressed reporter, was checking the morning papers. Bert called over to the city desk.

"Hey Fred! Dja see that sulcide at the 'Y'?"
Snayde grunted—"Uhhuh. I'm just reading it."

The morning paper story which engaged his attention went as follows:

"Avis Linnell, of Hyannis, student of the New England Conservatory of Music, committed

England Conservatory of Music, committed

ELEVEN states have statutes protecting a newspaperman from being compelled to reveal the sources of his information. New York has a similar bill pending. Occasionally a reporter must risk personal injury and even death in maintaining the freedom of the press. In this and future issues The American Weekly will tell some of the great newspaper stories.

suicide by taking poison at 8 o'clock, Saturday night at Boston Y. W. C. A. on Warrington St.

At 9 o'clock, the Rev. Clarence V. Richeson, pastor of Immanuel Church of Cambridge, was informed of her death by telephone from the Association rooms. They called him because he was the only friend authorities knew.

"He told Mr. and Mrs. Carter with whom he lodged on Magazine St., Cambridge, that a girl to whom he had been engaged was dead, but did not go to the hospital or to the Y. W. C. A.

"The girl still believed she was engaged to the minister. She told her friends and parents so. At the supper table in the association dining room Saturday night she was among the happiest of girls. An hour later, according to friends, she read in a Cambridge newspaper announcement of the Rev. Clarence Richeson's engagement to Miss Violet Edmonds of Chestnut Hill, Brookline.

"At 8 o'clock, she was found suffering from poisoning and died in 25 minutes by her own hand. She made no statement."

The city editor looked up from the paper. Bert Ford said—"Looks like the stinker threw the poor kid over and she killed herself."

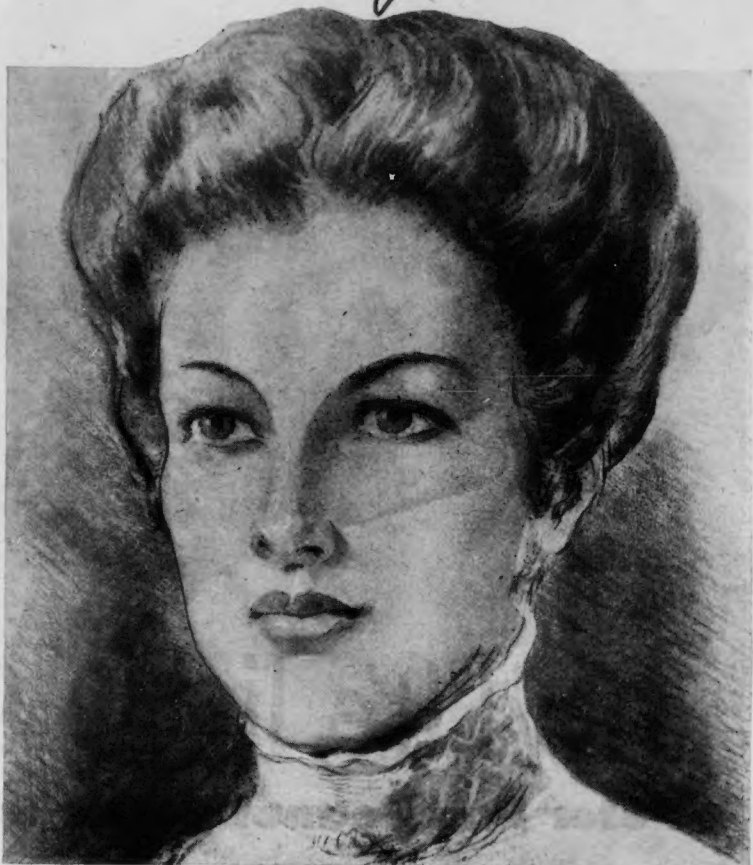
Fred Spayde said—"Uhuh. But how would a girl like that come up with poison between the time she read about the other engagement and the time she died if she never left the 'Y12'?"

the time she died if she never left the car," Bert Ford yelled, "Jimmie!" and got to his feet. The pinocchio game came to an abrupt end. Schultz already had the police department on the telephone. "That Spayde was saying—'Come over here, you guys, there's something funny about this story. We're going to do some checking.'"

Schultz put his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone. "Cops insist it's suicide. Open and shut case. The girl went into the bathroom and took the poison."

THE reporters relaxed a little. They eyed City Editor Spayde who had let the paper containing the obscure story drop onto his desk but was looking at it with a curious expression screwing up his features. He was wondering one of those hunches that at some time or other come to all newspapermen, large and small, hunches which can sometimes make or break a great newspaper property. What the Hell! A tragic little love suicide not worth another place, or... The hunch won.

"Never mind the cops. Shake it up, you guys. We're going to check this anyway. Phelan, you beat it down to Hyannis and see what you can find out about this kid. Daisy, you and Mahan go around to the 'Y' and start asking questions. Nichols, get on this Richeson guy and see what he's got to say. Bert, find about this feller's background. I mean Richeson. Who is he? Where does he come from?"



Avis Linnell—Hers Was the Usual Story, the Oldest Small-Town Story in the World. Beautiful Choir Singer, Handsome New Minister. Love at First Sight. An Engagement Ring . . .

The men scattered.

It was the usual story that Tom Phelan dug up in Hyannis that day in spite of close-mouthed family and friends of the dead girl, the oldest small-town story in the world. Beautiful choir singer, handsome minister. Love at first sight.

...his Linnell, former student at Hunnala Normal School, sang in the choir of the church when the Rev. Clarence V. Richeson received the call. She was soprano soloist of the choir and one of the belles of the little Cape Cod village. He was young and stunningly handsome, and members of the choir reported the two fell in love at once. The pastor paid her immediate court, and before a year was out a formal engagement was announced. Richeson, 34½, a diamond ring

house. Richeson said Avis was a "timid" ring. The pastor, Richeson, said he was not sure if Immanuel Church in Cambridge and left Hyannis to take up his post there. Reporter Phelan heard from her friends that after he left Avis no longer wore the ring and when questioned she said that Richeson had taken it to Boston to have it cleaned and reset. Shortly after Richeson went to Cambridge, Avis Linnell told her friends she was going to the New England Conservatory of Music to take a voice course. But all Hyannis knew that she was a well-known singer.

The men creaking rapidly on the past of the Reverend Richeson developed that he was the son of a Col. Thomas Varland Richeson, a wealthy tobacco planter of Rose Hills, Virginia, in the 1840s. Richeson's father, James, died and his father married a second time. Richeson enrolled as a student in William Jewell College in Liberty, Mo., and, while a sophomore, preached his first sermon from the pulpit of Bethany Church at Kansas City.

In the next year (and this raised the eyebrows

of City Editor Spayde) he was expelled from the college for cribbing. So there was a flaw in the boy. Thereafter his career included a period as a street car conductor in Kansas City, a brief stay as a student at a seminary in Louisville, Ky., and finally matriculation at Newton Theological Seminary in Newton, Mass., whence he was graduated in 1906.

Not much on which to go. An adventure in cribbing was far from making a man a murderer.

And then next morning while Spayde was combing through the information assembled on Avis and Richeson looking for a clue, his telephone rang. It was Dutch Mahan at the "Y."

"Avis had lunch with Richeson the afternoon of the day she died..."

"Hey? She did, did she? Find out where..."

"Never mind that. That's only the beginning. I found out just how she was when they came into the bathroom and discovered her dying. She was sitting on a chair with her feet in a bowl of hot mustard water. I asked Tim Leary, the medical examiner, why she would be doing that."

SPAYDE'S tenseness and excitement choked his voice on the telephone, because now he thought he knew. "Yeah? And what did he say?"

"Come in!" shouted Editor, Spayde. "Come in and bring the rest of the gang in with you, everyone you can find. Round 'em up. I'll get the others. We're going to go on this! The mystery's cracked. Now we'll bust it wide open!"

(To Be Concluded)

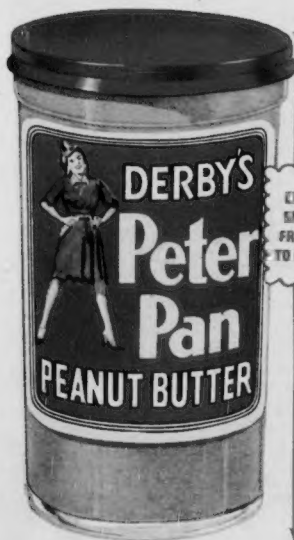


"Boy! It's lickin' good!"

Peter Pan Peanut Butter is different

Richer peanut flavor • Creamy smooth • Stays fresh for keeps

No oil separation—ever



Mothers! Little girls, and boys, too, love the golden-rich flavor of Peter Pan.

All the wonderful, taste-tempting goodness of fresh-roasted peanuts is captured by multiple-milling them the *very* day they are roasted! Only the finest of peanuts are used . . . and *all* their rich peanut flavor is preserved! It's the *real* peanut flavor children love!

Your children can spread Peter Pan themselves—it's always smooth, always fresh right down to the bottom of the jar. Stirring's not necessary because the oil can't separate and Peter Pan never gets stale or rancid.

More than just delicious, Peter Pan Peanut Butter is nourishing, too. Contains important proteins, Niacin and Vitamin B₁. You'll want to serve it often. Get some today!

It does not stick to the roof of your mouth

Free **RECIPE FOLDER**

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Yes, send me your new folder, "Peter Pan Presents 37 Exciting New Sandwich Recipes," please!

Name

P. O. Address

City State

BY THE MAKERS OF READY TO SERVE DERBY MEAT SPECIALTIES—FAMOUS FOR OVER 40 YEARS

Love Captive WARNER'S ARDENT REBOUND



Nora Sped to London, Got a Cable, Wined Her Way Right Back Again, Over the Ocean and Across the Continent to Tommy.



Thomas and Nora Perry Warner, Jr.—They Were in a Rush.

ONCE known as a "love captive," Thomas Warner, Jr., 30-year-old son of a millionaire auto parts manufacturer, recently demonstrated how free he is these days by capturing a new bride, his fourth.

It was around the time of his second marriage, eight years ago, that he was supposed to have been captured himself. Turned out it was all a mistake, though. He'd just been a little overcautious in his wooing.

His latest romance vividly proves that he has changed these tactics. In fact, it would be hard to find a marriage more in tune with the age of jet planes and atomic bombs than Tommy's fourth.

He was at his home in Los Angeles when the urge to wed again suddenly came over him. The prospective bride, a pretty, 25-year-old stage and screen actress named Nora Perry, had gone to England, on tour. No sooner had she arrived in London than a cable from Tommy was handed her.

"Will you marry me immediately?" It asked.

"Yes," she replied, also by cable, and soon was winging back.

Her suitor met her at the Los Angeles airport. After excitedly discussing where to hold the ceremony, they headed for Mexico, by car. In San Diego, however, they changed their minds and began driving madly back to Los Angeles. There, they obtained a license and a minister.

At 5:15 P. M. of that same day, Mrs. L. Lewis Lipton, Nora's mother, received a frantic telephone call. "Nora and I are getting married at six," Tommy informed her, naming the church. "Can you make it?"

"Why, I—I guess so," stammered Mrs. Lipton.

Her subsequent performance was heroic. In 45 minutes she changed her clothes and then plowed all the way across town. Breathlessly she dashed up the church steps, breathlessly she gave her daughter away.

You might think that after all this the newlyweds would have re-

laxed, or collapsed. But, no—the very next day they were off again for Mexico, this time in Tommy's yacht. The Chance.

So far as is known no obstacle had stood in the way of their marriage. No demons had pursued them.

Then why all the rush?

The answer seems to lie in the past, particularly in that slow-paced second courtship of his.

There are, of course, rich playboys who take marriage no more seriously than most people take a casual date for an evening. If Tommy were that type, the fact that, at the age of 30, he has been wed four times, thrice unsuccessfully, would be self-explanatory. But the record indicates he wants to get married for keeps.

The only trouble is: How do you find the right combination? He began fumbling around for it years ago.

His first trip to the altar took place when he was barely out of his teens. It was the result of a love match, neither over-accelerated nor over-slow. Nevertheless,

Illustrated by HERMAN THOMAS

at the age of 22, he was paying an ex-wife, Virginia Insett Warner, \$250 a month alimony. She had charged cruelty.

"Once burned, twice shy," the saying goes. Tommy couldn't help falling in love again, but he did think there were a few things he could do to find out whether the girl, a blond divorcee named Jean MacDonald, loved him.

He hired a detective, Mrs. Pearl Antibus, who installed a dictograph in the young lady's quarters.

Seated at Mrs. Antibus' side, Tommy telephoned his sweetheart. "We're all washed up," he growled. "We're through. Everything's off!" Then, he rushed to the listening apparatus just in time to hear a cry of sorrow in his sweetheart's room.

Later, listening again, he heard Jean talking on the phone to a friend.

"You know I don't care anything about Tommy's filthy money," she said. "I love him just for what he is."

Tommy dashed to her apartment and swept Jean into his arms. During the wait for her divorce papers, the smitten couple became regular visitors at Mrs. Antibus' home. Curious about where Tommy

was spending all his time, his father hired detectives of his own, and, on the basis of their reports, concluded that the youth was a captive.

This conclusion led to a raid. When Mrs. Antibus tried to bar her door, Mr. Warner, flanked by a squad of district attorney investigators, pushed past her. They found Jean in one part of the house, Tommy in another. They carried them off.

Mrs. Antibus retaliated with \$1,250,000 worth of damage suits, which finally were dropped, and Jean and Tommy eloped to Las Vegas.

Their marriage lasted six years. Then, in 1944, on grounds of mental cruelty, Jean won a divorce and custody of their two-year-old son.

So Tommy now had two marital failures to look back on. The first had proceeded at a normal rate of about 35 miles an hour, the second at 10 miles an hour.

Before Jean's divorce had become final he married Movie Actress Anne Sterling. This ended in an annulment.

When Nora Perry happened along, the high velocity theory still was just a theory. Now it's been given a genuine laboratory test. Tommy has married in haste. Time will tell whether he'll repent at leisure.



They Drove Like Mad Toward Mexico, Changed Their Minds at San Diego, Drove Back Like Mad to Los Angeles. So They Were Married and . . .

NEW Weapons Against TOOTHACHE



Lack of Hard Food
That Had to Be
Chewed Favored
Dental Decay. It
Used to Be Thought.
Now Science Finds
That Vitamin K and
Ammonia Nitrogen
Retard or
Prevent It.



Dr. Robert G. Kesel—He Never
Had a Toothache and He Wondered
Why: Result, Vitamin K Gum.

By Robert D. Potter
Science Editor

CONQUEST of tooth decay is be-
lieved on the way and for these
two reasons:

(1) Researchers at Northwestern
University have discovered a vitamin
K gum.

(2) A dentist at the University of
Illinois never had a toothache and de-
cided to discover why.

First, the gum:

Dr. Leonard S. Fosdick at North-
western has found that synthetic vita-
min K helps decrease the formation
of enamel-eating acids in the mouth.
He reports in the Journal of Dental
Research that in tests extending 19
months students who chewed vitamin
K gum for ten minutes after every
meal showed from 60 to 90 per cent
fewer cavities than non-users.

The vitamin retards the formation
of acids in the mouth by chemical

interaction. The
weakened acids are
less liable to form
holes in the dental
enamel and the
tooth decay thus
decreased.

You won't be able
to buy the gum
right away, how-
ever, as it hasn't
yet reached the
market.

Second, the den-
tist who never had
a toothache:

He is Dr. Robert G. Kesel of the
University of Illinois' College of
Dentistry. As a result of his curios-
ity about his lack of cavities comes
the announcement that ammonia ni-
trogen may be the reason for immu-
nity to tooth decay.

As Dr. Kesel explains it, "I never
had a toothache and wondered why."
Dr. Kesel, with his research col-
leagues, Drs. Joseph O'Donnell, Ed-
ward Wach and Ernst Kirch, set out
to find the answer.

They knew tooth decay was most
common. They knew that research
had been done on the effect of diet,
drinking water and special vitamin
treatments to promote dental health.
They knew fluorine, phosphorus and
vitamin D, among other things,
seemed to be partners of healthy
teeth.

The Chicago scientists began by
studying the conditions in the mouth
that accompany lack of tooth decay.
Their yardstick was the standard one
of dentistry—the bacteria called
Lactobacillus acidophilus. The more
lactobacilli in the mouth the more

cavities in the
teeth. That is the
general rule.

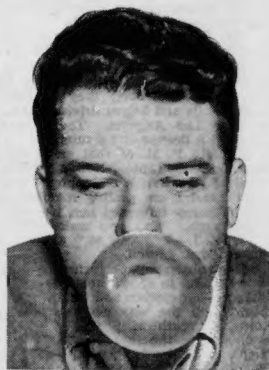
First Dr. Kesel's group made cul-
tures of the saliva from persons im-
mune to tooth decay and discovered
these cultures slowed, or prevented,
the growth of *lactobacilli*. This
harmless organism of the mouth
changes sugars and starches in the
food into acids that are known to
eat through the tooth enamel.

The dentists found, too, that am-
monia nitrogen was the one common
chemical agent which occurred in all
immune saliva. People with multiple
tooth cavities had little, if any, am-
monia nitrogen in their mouths.

Next step in the research was to
grow colonies of *lactobacilli* and
treat them with a variety of chemical
agents containing ammonia nitrogen.

Out of these test tube experiments
Dr. Kesel's group discovered that a
well-known plant fertilizer (dibasic
ammonium phosphate) was an ideal
agent to prevent the growth of the
lactobacillus organisms. It did the
job just as well as the saliva of those
lucky people who had no tooth decay.

At this stage it was time to leave
the culture plates and test tubes of
the laboratory and try out the discov-
ery on patients. For such clinical
tests the scientists prepared special
toothpaste and mouthwash that con-
tained ammonia nitrogen. This was
used by one group of patients. An-
other group, equal in size, used a
similar toothpaste and mouthwash to
which the ammonia nitrogen had not
been added.



The Bubble Gum Champ of Days to
Come Won't Have to Brush His
Teeth, Maybe.

Special groups of students took
the tests. After five months of care-
ful daily use, results began to ap-
pear. Those subjects who used the
ammonia nitrogen toothpaste and
mouthwash showed a striking reduc-
tion in the *lactobacillus* organisms
present in their mouths. Those who
used the control toothpaste had a
bacterial count that was just about
the same or only slightly decreased.

Being cautious scientists, Dr.
Kesel and his associates point out
that five months of testing is hardly
enough to form definite conclusions.
They plan to carry through the pro-
gram for 18 months and believe that
their studies hold great promise.

One barrier to widespread applica-
tion of the method is the sad fact that
only about 25 to 30 per cent of Ameri-
cans brush their teeth daily.

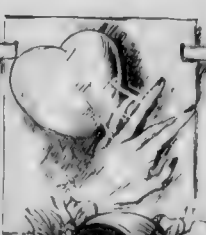
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



The Bride Wears White Because the Romans Did, on Sacred Days.



The Wedding Veil Means Either Submission to the Husband—or New Freedom.



The Ring Finger Was Supposedly Linked to the Heart, and Orange Blossoms Mean Large Families.



In Pagan Days Wedding Rings Were Larger Than They Are Now.

Something Borrowed

By Ursula Trow

WHITE dress and a veil, orange blossoms and the month of June—add them all together and you have the proper setting for a wedding.

Why a white dress? Why a veil? Young brides rarely stop to think about the significance of these things when they are planning for the big event. It is enough that their mothers did them.

The bride wears white as a result of an old Roman custom of wearing white on sacred days or days of rejoicing.

There are conflicting accounts of the origin of the veil. Some say the veil, since it displaced the loose-flying hair of the young girl, denoted the new freedom of the mature woman. Others say the veil is a symbol of the bride's submission to her husband.

The ancient Hindus put a curtain between the bridal couple during the ceremony. In those days a man and woman never set eyes on each other before the knot was tied. Our modern bridal veil, which originally covered the bride's face, may have been derived from such a custom. The tradition that a bridegroom should see neither the bride nor her gown before the ceremony is probably a by-product of the same custom.

Orange blossoms have their meaning. Since they belong to one of the most prolific fruit bearing trees in the world, our ancestors regarded them as a talisman supposed to bring a large family. Since former-day brides considered numerous offspring synonymous with good fortune, orange blossoms were carried for luck. Today's bride may not be as interested in the large family as she is in the good fortune, but just to be on the safe side she carries her orange blossoms. When she can get them.

In recent years, however, throughout most of the country (except orange growing regions) bouvardia has been substituting for orange blossoms. Florists claim bouvardia, a waxlike, star-shaped flower, is prettier and more delicately fragrant. It also does not fade as quickly as do orange blossoms.

Why get married in June? Since that is the month in which most trees put forth their fruit, a June wedding again denotes a symbolic wish for the large, happy family which was so important to our forebears.

The throwing of rice is a symbol of plenty and prosperity.

In countries where wheat or other grain was grown, it was thrown in-



And the Word "Bride"—What Does It Come From? It Derives From the Anglo-Saxon "Bryd," Which Can Be Translated as "Carried Home."

stead of the rice.

"Something old, something new, Something borrowed, something blue."

What does the old jingle mean? The "something blue" has been carried down from the Israelites whose brides were bidden to put upon the shoulders of their fringed garments a "ribband of blue"—blue being the color of purity, love and fidelity.

The couplet stems from old Lancashire weddings. It was a warning to the bride to preserve moderation

illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

and temperance among all the gaiety and rejoicing of the wedding feast. Her bridal clothes were new—but she must carry something old to keep from overdoing it. Her trousseau was presumably bought and paid for—but she must also borrow something. In this manner the old wives of Lancashire prepared the young bride for misfortunes if they came.

The wedding ring dates back to pagan days. It is believed that primitive men wore a cord of reeds which he bound himself to the bride's waist. Thus he thought her spirit entered his body.

Like Her Mother Before Her, Today's Bride Has Taken Her Cherished Wedding Customs From Other Times and Other Climes

Others believe the wedding ring originated during the ancient slave trading days—only then the ring was worn around the ankle.

The Egyptians identified the wedding ring—or any circlet—with eternity. Thus its use in the ceremony meant that the two people were joined together forever.

Wedding rings through the ages have been made of any available material from reed to iron, and the ring has been worn on either hand, any finger. Elizabethan ladies, as a matter of fact, wore their wedding rings on the thumb.

Our custom of wearing the ring on the left hand, fourth finger, seems to be linked with an old—and fallacious—belief that there is a connecting nerve from that finger to the heart, the seat of affection.

The wedding kiss probably originated in feudal times as a gesture of homage. Kissing for affection arose from the mother's caress of her baby and is believed to have become a vogue in France, where it was first used to seal the plighted troth of newlyweds.

The wedding cake is also a French custom. The story is told that a Frenchman attended an English wedding at which the bride and groom were expected to kiss over a mound of buns. He went home thinking how much nearer the mound would look if the buns were all molded together under a layer of icing.

When the guests take a piece of the wedding cake home with them, they are presumably sharing in the bride's bounty. A piece of the cake insures plentifulness for themselves.

The bride throws her bouquet as a generous gesture of her part to share her good fortune.

Castling shoes at the bridal couple represents the battle between the bride's kinsmen and the bridegroom's party, who in olden times captured and carried the girl away.

The honeymoon is also a survival of marriage by capture, when the husband kept his newly-seized wife hidden to prevent her appeal for release to searching relatives.

Even the word "bride" has its particular meaning. It derives from the Anglo-Saxon "bryd"—which can be interpreted to mean "carried home." Bridegroom—that one is easy. A groom meant a man of the serving class, hence he is the man who waits upon the bride.

BOBBY SOX Entrepreneurs

WHO says you need age and experience to bend life to your will? Judging by some of the teen agers of today all you need is imagination and adaptability.

Take 14-year-old "Peggy" (Margaret Jean) Romer, of Plainfield, Mass., for instance. In order to become a doctor she has found it necessary and convenient first to become a successful baker.

Every August, while on her vacation, she bakes 300 pounds of fruit cake. These she packs in 1½ and 2 pound plastic boxes, and sends to people who have ordered them for the holiday season. They go for \$2.40 or \$3.15, depending on size.

**Ingenuity, Courage
and Imagination
Bring These Teen
Agers Business Suc-
cess That Many a
Grown-Up Would
Like to Duplicate**

The recipe for the cake is an old one which Peggy found in the attic. It belonged to her grandmother and calls for lots of butter and fruits. Shortages have kept Peggy from expanding her business, but she has managed to keep up her quota with local butter provisions and the five sugar coupons her mother and brothers and sisters donate.

At first Peggy's cakes went only to soldiers overseas. Then word got around, and presently she was swamped with mail orders from all over the country.

With her profits Peggy buys her own clothes, meets her school expenses at the Northfield Girls' Seminary and saves toward her future medical education.

"It's the only way she'll get it," says Peggy's mother, who has been supporting her four children on a postmistress' salary. "But Peggy is ambitious and works hard. She'll get her education, and she'll be a fine doctor some day."

Fourteen-year-old Jo Ann Durand of Denver covets a luxury trip around the world. To date she has \$1,500 tucked away toward her goal.

How does she do it? She makes fishing tackle. Fishermen all over the country consider Jo Ann an expert on what trout like, and they write to her for advice and send for her hand-tied trout flies.

The letters she gets go something like this: "I'm going to Maine on a fishing trip this month. Send me a dozen of whatever Maine fish go for." So Jo Ann advises them and sends along either a variety of her concoctions or just one kind that she knows is sure-fire in that neck of the woods. Someday she thinks she'll write a book on what tackle goes best where.

Jo Ann's business venture was born one Christmas when she wanted to present her Dad with hand-made bait. Her first attempt flunked. That made her mad. She went to the public library and looked at pictures of bugs and flies and insects of every color and description. Then she went home and tried again. This time she de-

veloped a little creature that made the trout jump for joy—right on the end of a fishing hook.

Jo Ann's father bragged to his cronies. The cronies tried Jo Ann's flies and bragged at their fishing clubs, and soon she was swamped with orders—so many in fact that she had to hire helpers, whom she pays either weekly or piece-meal wages.

If things keep up as they've been going, Jo Ann can travel in high style—that is, if she doesn't develop income tax trouble.

The wish for a pony put little Anna-Belle Graham into business. Anna-Belle lives in Mt. Lebanon, Pa., and is only 11 years old. When she asked her Daddy for the pony

well, she wanted it so much that he hated to say "No." He had no objection to an extra pet around the place. It was just that providing six full dinner plates was a man-sized job in itself without an added burden.

If Anna-Belle wanted to buy her own pony—

How could an 11-year-old youngster earn enough money for a pony? She looked around at her contemporaries. Most of them, she found, sold lemonade or ran errands during the summer. That struck Anna-Belle

as kid stuff. "What do I really like?" she asked herself. The answer was—animals. Then an idea struck her that could provide Anna-Belle with a ranch full of ponies. She would make animal pocketbooks for little girls.

She asked her parents if that would be all right, and the next day Mrs. Graham and her ambitious young daughter were battling their way to a dry goods counter for five yards of colored felt.

Anna-Belle drew elephants, cats, fish, dogs, donkeys, ducks—a whole zoo full of animals in fact—on pasteboard. These she cut out and traced on the felt in duplicate. She used her Daddy's razor blades to cut the felt.

"He didn't like that," she admits. The two pieces of felt were sewn together with a strip in between to give them three dimensional proportions, and then Anna-Belle gave them faces—funny ones, sad ones, but all of them with personality. A zipper fastener at top completed the job.

The end result was good. In fact, so good that when Mama Graham took one of the little bags to a patent lawyer, he was so enthusiastic that he referred it to a manufacturer, who in turn snapped up the idea to make the bags in quantity. Once on the market, Anna-Belle's designs were a success. She was asked to make matching hats, too. And then a jewelry company wanted her animal designs for children's bracelets.

Her fame spread, until two movie companies put in bids for screen tests. These turned out well and Anna-Belle made several occupational shorts.

Needless to say Anna-Belle bought her pony. The designing career is at present just a sideline which sometimes makes her wonder what would have happened if she had wanted two ponies.

12 June 2, 1916

**14-Year-Old
Jo Ann Durand
(Right) Makes
and Sells Trout
Flies in Order
to Earn a
Trip Around
the World.**



**To Earn the Money for a
Pony, 11-Year-Old Anna-
Belle Graham Designed and
Made Original Handbags
for Little Girls. From That
She Went On to Design for
Big Manufacturers.**



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

2



ROLL-O-MATIC RECORD CHANGER*

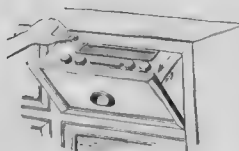
A lightly pressed button opens the door and the quiet, efficient Motorola record changer rolls out into easy record-loading position. It's wonderful!

wonderful new features for your Radio-Phonograph enjoyment

Those who have seen and heard the new Motorola Radios are unanimous in their agreement that for exclusive GOLDEN-VOICE* performance they are simply superb . . . and for beauty of design they are the finest that Motorola has ever offered. This high praise comes from all parts of the country. If you have yet to hear these wonderful new radios and GOLDEN-VOICE* radio-phonographs, just see your nearest Motorola Dealer for a demonstration! (Your Classified Phone Book Lists Motorola Dealers.)

The Motorola engineers who originated the battle-famous "Handie Talkie". . . and the world famous Motorola Auto Radio . . . have built high quality listening pleasure and beautiful design into the new 1946 Motorola Home Radios. They thrill and satisfy! See and hear the radio that sounds sweeter, looks smarter and lasts longer! The proof is in the listening.

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51



TOP-VUE TUNING*

Another little button when pressed brings all the radio and phonograph controls into full view for quick, easy tuning. It's marvelous!

*EXCLUSIVE MOTOROLA RADIO FIRSTS!

GOLDEN VOICE*
Motorola
A-M
F-M
Radio



F-M & A-M. HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO • PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION • "HANDIE TALKIES" • AIRCRAFT & POLICE RADIO

PITIFUL DECLINE of the FOLLIES VENUS

The Toast of Paris in the Twenties, Germaine Sombroy, Prematurely Old, Penniless, Has Been Jailed for Stealing a Prescription to Get Narcotics



One Night She Left the Theatre and Stopped into the Car a Leading Manufacturer Had Given Her. There Was the Playwright With Whom She Was in Love. And With Him Was Germaine's Rival Actress.

By Lowell Morrill

NO Sadder figure has appeared in a Paris court for years than that of the poor old woman, wasted by disease and clad in the black robe of a recluse—who was accused of stealing a prescription blank in order to buy narcotics. She was Germaine Sombroy—the toast of Paris in the twenties when she triumphed in the role of Venus of the Folies-Bergere and piled up riches as the reigning queen of boulevard at Deauville. Talking in a low voice, she told the magistrate about her life's vicissitudes, declaring that ad-

tion to drugs had caused her downfall and led to her confinement in hospital, prison and madhouse.

The wretched creature trembled convulsively as she alluded to her recent harrowing experience in the sick ward of the Perray-Vaucluse Asylum. Here she remained three years and wrote a diary about the dreadful activity of the inmates.

On leaving Perray-Vaucluse, she had gone to Brittany and there, under the impulse of a grief too terrible for tears, embraced religion and retired into the Convent of the Dames de Bethanie under an assumed name.

Germaine, who had formerly courted fame, now courted oblivion, hoping to die forgotten in this obscure sanctuary, where her daily devotions won the affection of the Mother Superior.

Illustrated by JOHN BARLOW

Germaine Sombroy at Her Peak—the Best She Can Hope For Now Is Return to the Convent.



Despite her piety, she found herself unable to resist her craving for narcotics. Germaine had taken the "cure" a score of times in celebrated establishments, but to no avail.

From long experience she knew that without drugs she must endure the worst tortments, and she had suffered so much in her life that she had become a coward in regard to pain.

One day she decided to hoodwink the Mother Superior by simulating a heart attack and pretending to be seriously ill. The Mother proved a success and Germaine was granted permission to leave the convent for a few days in order to consult a specialist in the French capital.

On reaching Paris, she went to the office of a well-known physician, stole a prescription blank, filled it out with an order for 500 grammes of heroin, and presented it to a druggist. The druggist, fearing the police and Germaine's reputation in jail.

The woman, who was once the sensation of all Paris, appeared before the tribunal, no crowd of worshippers pressed about her as in the heyday of her glory, no hand was extended in sympathy, and it looked for a while as if nobody intended to come to the culprit's defense, except her lawyer, Jean Baux.

At the last minute, however, the examining magistrate received a letter from the Mother Superior, who seems to have constituted herself the good angel of Germaine. After reading about the case, she had lost no time in sending the judge a message, in which she spoke of Germaine's devoutness and asked the court's indulgence.

Thanks to this letter, the case was postponed.

It is not the first time she has languished behind bars. In 1928, when she stole books in the Palais Royal, Paris, and sold them to get money to buy morphine, Germaine was sent to St. Lazare. There she mended prison linen for three months and vowed to mend her ways.

On regaining her liberty, the dancer fell again under the sway of the drug, adopted the career of shoplifter to gratify her craving, and landed at last in the Petite-Roquette.

How she contracted the drug habit was recently told by a Paris Journalist.

After the close of World War I, when "La Belle Sombroy" (nicknamed the "Eighth Capital Sin") was at the pinnacle of her fame and fortune—surrounded by admirers, covered with precious stones like a Princess, and enthroned at the baccarat tables of Le Touquet and Deauville—she fell in love with the playwright, Charles Mère, who had given her the leading part in his "Femme Masquée" at the Gymnase.

One night, as she left the theatre and stepped into her private car (a gift from Paris' leading automobile manufacturer), she found Mère there with a rival actress. Now Germaine played fair in love and expected others to do the same. An angry scene followed, with the result that the playwright drove off with his new favorite and Germaine, in despair, shot herself.

The wound was not mortal, but the comedienne was confined to a hospital for many months. Only large quantities of morphine could relieve her.

Rejected by the man she loved, Germaine lost all ambition to continue her career. True, she knocked about the provincial playhouses for a while, but her verve and sense of comedy were gone. Drugs had killed her gaiety and talent.

At last even the country theatre managers refused to engage her, and it was not long before morphine, cocaine and other drugs impaired her health and robbed her of good looks.

Then she disappeared with meteoric suddenness from the gay life of the boulevards, and Parisians completely forgot her until she bobbed up in court on a drug charge three years later.

"Lux Girls are Daintier!"

"An Active-lather
Beauty Bath makes
you sure of skin
that's SWEET!"

Loretta Young

Star of
International Pictures'
"The Stranger"



You know if a girl isn't dainty no other charm counts. You'll find the daily Lux Toilet Soap bath screen stars recommend a wonderful way to make sure your skin is fragrant, appealing.



"A LUX GIRL? I certainly am!" says lovely Loretta Young. "I've found my complexion soap makes a wonderful bath soap, too! Lux Soap's Active lather caresses skin so gently, swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt! Such a delightful way to make daintiness sure! Try this daily beauty bath. It leaves skin delicately perfumed . . . fresh, really sweet. Lux Girls are daintier!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

FIGHT WASTE. Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

The Gang Moved In. It
Threatened. But Edward
J. O'Hare Ran His Tracks
on the Level. He Paid
With His Life—and It
Remained for His
Son, "Butch," the
Pilot, to Avenge
His Murder.

THE GREAT

By William Engle

WINTER dusk was gathering early. In his paneled office, Edward J. O'Hare, attorney-at-law, leafed through a worn volume of Blackstone. He was idling. He could hardly have guessed on this gray St. Louis afternoon that the shadow of a rabbit soon would fall across his desk. He certainly couldn't have fancied that it would mean fortune for him and his son and daughters, and on a far, dark day for him alone the short-range fire of mobsters' sawed-off shotguns.

The shadow did fall, though. It took on meaning later. It fell in a moment, when a mild stranger stepped through the doorway carrying a brown paper parcel, tied with a string.

"You won't regard this as a toy, Mr. O'Hare," he said, and undid the package. "You'll respect an electrical rabbit when you see one."

Lean and keen, O'Hare, a brilliant lawyer and executive, smiled. He was not one to commit himself to a visitor speaking riddles.

"Go ahead," he said. "Let's see."

"I will," said the stranger, and laying down some sketches and diagrams, he held up a small figure. It was a stuffed Easter bunny, ears back, white legs extended as if it were running.

"I'll have it mounted on a trolley to run around a track," he said. "Greyhounds will chase it. Will you help get a patent?"

"Well, I'm not a patent attorney," O'Hare began—but the shadow had fallen. The rabbit cast a shadow.

Something odd happened then. It seemed to Edward O'Hare as if, beside the rabbit, he stood still in time. He said so afterward. He never forgot it. Not even in the fabulous days ahead when he walked with national figures and gloriously moved toward the death which his hero son finally, in a way, would avenge.

In his mind, this instant, he saw the small, odd rabbit flashing around the dog tracks of the future. He saw the little creature skimming out ahead of eager greyhounds, forever in the lead.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY



RACING GAMBLE

STORY OF THE STUFFED BUNNY

A Little Mechanical Rabbit Brought Fortune and Death, With Heroism Finally Evening Up the Score

He heard the voices of exultant, paying customers. This was back in the 1920s. It was in a time when for a horse player the day ended with the sixth or seventh race, depending on track policy. After dark, you couldn't lay a bet and make a dollar. The laws forbade running horses at night.

"Lured by the electrically controlled rabbit, dogs can race after dark," said the stranger. That was an answer to racing fans' urge to bet on something running after working hours.

"I'll see about the patent," said O'Hare and his way of life was changed. Presently he and the stranger—Oliver P. Smith—were forming the International Greyhound Racing Association, and in the Patent Office today records show that Smith's original device was registered "to provide a suitable track, an electric conveyor operated thereon, and a lure or bait to attract the dogs."

THE object wasn't visionary. It was practical. O'Hare and Smith, as dog tracks were built here and there, controlled them. Smith owned the rabbit. No rabbit, no racing. When Smith died in 1927, O'Hare became the man with the rabbit.

It captured his imagination as completely as ever it did a fleet, pursuing greyhound. For good or ill, he cast his lot with it and with the aloof, solemn dogs who looked wiser than men, and more honest, because they were. In his office, dust gathered on Blackstone's classic and Burdick's Torts.

He operated the Madison Kennel Club in Illinois, across the Mississippi from St. Louis. In Massachusetts he had the Bristol Country Kennel Club; in Florida, the Miami Beach Kennel Club.

Steadily his fortune grew. He was a legitimate operator; he managed tracks, he didn't bet. His profits, under the law, he split with the states where he did business, and their money went to charities. He was on the upgrade—looking out, always, he said, for the future of his pretty daughters, Patricia and Marilyn, and his dark-eyed son, Edward ("Butch") to all the world, later), who had a way with him that made friends wherever he walked. (The girls O'Hare sent to private schools, "Butch" to Annapolis.)

"You can't ask for anything prettier than greyhounds running," O'Hare used to say then to a friend, and take him to a track.

It was the custom to run the programs with the pomp of Kentucky derbies.

The bugle sounded. The slim dogs, led by grooms, marched to martial music past the grandstand to the post. Their tails curled but seldom wagged; this was serious business. They were muzzled, they had big numbers on their pay blankets as horses have on saddles, but unfettered by a rider to pull them up, or lash them, they were on their own.

The rabbit was their starting signal. It was sprung ahead of them. They heard the hum of its conveyor. They saw electric sparks flash from its fur. They watched it streak out in front, under blazing lights, and then in an incredibly swift get-away they, too, became streaks, black and white and russet all blurred in mad pursuit.

Rounding the turn they swept in a crazy pack. Down the stretch, heads low, tongues hanging, they came like grotesque, animated shadows. Their doubled-up bodies were distorted and bizarre. They finished with a rush, and the electrical rabbit ahead of them, forever ahead, catapulted into its mechanical hutch.

Let the mechanism break down, with the dogs catching the rabbit, and they might not be deceived again. The perfect lure was essential, and O'Hare saw a golden aura gathering around it.



The Japs Found Out on O'Hare Was in the Southern Sky One Night, and "Butch" Got the Congressional Medal of Honor, Which His Young Wife Is Shown Posing Around His Neck.

He knew then that the rabbit would lead him on to bigtime, and that was Al Capone's Chicago. Perhaps he had, too, a fleeting premonition of the black fortune that might follow the fair. He was cool and quiet and thoughtful. He was no more aware of Chicago's promise than of the threat in its labyrinthine racing business ways.

"Anyway," he told a friend, "I'll take a chance. I'll keep my family life sacred from my business."

So in 1928 he went to Chicago to manage the Capone syndicate's dog track at Hawthorne.

Was it foolhardy? Was it perilous? He never said he thought so. Perhaps when he spoke of it he was a small boy again, whistling in the dark of Kerry Patch, St. Louis, the lowly place from which he'd risen far.

What he said was (remembered yet by many in high places): "You can make money through business associations with gangsters, and you'll run risk if you don't associate with them personally."

After Hawthorne was closed in 1930, he widened his other interests, and in 1932, when Hawthorne was reopened as Sportsman's Park, a half-mile horse racing track, he moved in as president.

"What looks good in the fifth, Mr. O'Hare?" they'd ask him then.

"I don't bet," he'd say. "I operate."

He operated, and he kept mob captains and mob lieutenants and mob stooges in their own despicable place. Off the track, he'd stroll through his guarded rooms rich with good paintings; his short, sturdy figure grew familiar among those of bibliophiles at auctions; he'd spend long quiet evenings with his collection of rare works on Napoleon in the bosom of his fine family.



He Was Driving in Alone From the Track When the Mob Opened Up With Sawed-Off Shotguns. The Long Trench, Begun When He'd First Seen the Stuffed Rabbit, Became a Dead End.

His track interests widened to Tampa, in Florida. His clubs were good, his friends eminent—and because he would never let them as equals, the gang's shadows were moving in on him.

They crowded him in Chicago and in Florida but not in Massachusetts, where he had a cane guarded, at the track, and the law with him. They wouldn't scare. They were many; he was one. They jostled, and he didn't take the rough stuff.

He didn't take any hint until the cool afternoon of November 8, 1939. At a little after 3 o'clock he stepped into his blue coupe at Sportsman's Park, nodded good-by to his bodyguard, Henry (Kinky) Beckman, and drove into town alone. He drove until he reached the noisome corner of Ordway Avenue and Rockwell Street, Chicago, with a broom factory on one side and a train viaduct near by. There a swift, black sedan pulled up behind him, swerved inward, drove him to the curb.

He reached for a gun. But he was much too late. The police deduced this afterward. Before he could lift his hand, the men in the black sedan fulfilled their mission. With sawed-off shotguns they riddled him. They left him dying as his car crashed and stopped, with his pistol on the seat beside him.

The rabbit and the greyhounds and the horse could move around their courses after that forever and forever. The gangs, and new ones coming on, could push and doublecross. O'Hare didn't mind.

O'Hare's son minded. Level-eyed "Butch" O'Hare vowed that in some way, without stooping to gang shooting, he would avenge the murder, restore the name O'Hare to a place of high honor. The war gave him his chance.

PILOT of a Navy fighter plane, an Annapolis graduate, he was flying off the Gilberts in the South Pacific on February 20, 1942. Around him were nine Japanese bombers. Single-handed, he took them on.

He shot one down, in fire, and if he'd had time, he might have said: "There's one for my father!" He downed another. "There's one for my father!" In all, he shot down five and damaged one, and when the others struggled away in the darkness they knew what it was to have an O'Hare in the southern sky.

The whole world learned it later, for the President called it "one of the most daring, if not the most daring, single action in the history of combat aviation," and at a White House ceremony awarded O'Hare the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"Butch" took it in his stride. While his name became a brave byword, he went back to the South Pacific. He had one more appointment, it seemed, high above the sea. On the night of February 20, 1943, in a Hellcat fighter off the Marshalls he kept it.

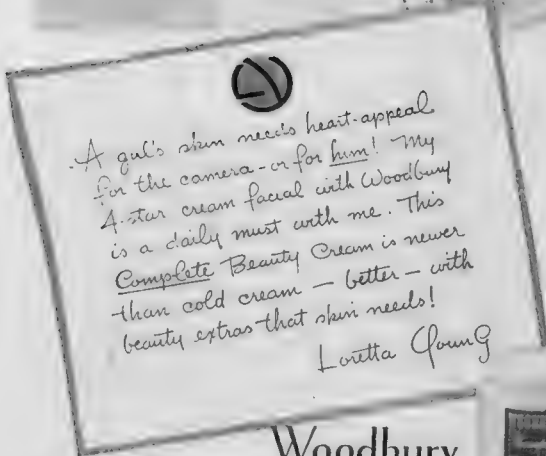
He took off at dusk and roared into a Jap attack force of 40 torpedo planes. He made them know, as he'd made the others know, that an O'Hare was flying.

The fire of his guns wrote O'Hare in the sky, and then, destiny fulfilled, his work done, his plane plunged downward into the dark sea.

Other stories of the great racing gamble will appear in early issues.

Another Hollywood star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin!

LORETTA YOUNG, STARRING WITH EDWARD G. ROBINSON AND ORSON WELLES IN "THE STRANGER," AN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



...here's how you take Loretta's 4-star facial

- ★ **Message cool**, caressing Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream into your face, your throat. It cleanses superbly. Your cleansing tissue will "tell all." You'll see how soil and make-up loosen, leaving skin clean-fresh. *
- ★★ **New, touch your cheek.** Feel how wonderfully Woodbury softens and smooths. This Complete Beauty Cream is newer than cold cream... better... for it contains four rich oils especially for softening your skin.
- ★★★ **Next, spread a cloud-film** of Complete Beauty Cream over your deliciously dewy skin. If it's daytime, that's your powder base for a smooth make-up. If it's bedtime, it's your all-night guardian against flaky dryness.
- ★★★★ **And... important point!** Only Woodbury contains "Stericin," constantly purifying the cream right in the jar, helping to protect against blemish-causing germs. 10¢ to \$1.25 a jar, plus tax.

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Complete Beauty Cream

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...and
special
creams for
"problem"
skins

...FOR DRY SKIN. Cleanse first with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Then swirl on WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM — for 15 minutes a day, or leave overnight. Rich in lanolin's benefits, it soothes flaky chap, softens old-looking dry-skin lines.

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...FOR OILY SKIN. Cleanse thoroughly with WOODBURY Oily Skin CLEANSING CREAM. Liquefying, it melts on your skin, whisks off surface oils and grime that might cause blackheads. Wipes away, leaving no greasy feel. Skin looks fresher, clearer.

For a velvet-bloom, apply WOODBURY Vanishing MAKE-UP FILM. Greaseless, it discourages "shine"... protects against chop-windburn... and helps your make-up stay fresh for hours! Even the inclined-to-be-coarse skin looks fine-textured!

Jars are 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax

WELL-FED FUTURE for Sculptor BUFANO

By Fred Dickenson

THAT vexatious problem—how to be both artistic and well fed—seemingly has been solved by Sculptor Beniamino Bufano.

All that a gentleman of the 1946 arts has to do is have a few friends incorporate him for \$50,000. Drawing his room and board from this sum, he is free to woo inspiration while his incorporators scurry about and sell the products of his talent.

This happy answer to the question which has plagued artists for centuries currently is being put to the test by Bufano and a group of admirers of the fiery, little San Francisco sculptor. They declare the plan is as flawless as a Venus de Milo and even excels that lovely lady by displaying a two-fisted approach to life.

Fellow artists, who are enviously watching Sculptor Bufano from the vantage points of their garrets, admit that nothing so inviting has appeared on the art horizon since the Renaissance. In those plush days, artistically speaking, wealthy princes subsidized the great masters. Thus Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and their colleagues could devote all of their energies to the question of art, without worldly worries.

With the financial decline of the princes, artists have been thrown upon a frugal world. Many an immortal still-life has gone aglimmering when the painter ate the bowl of fruit.

If it all works out, such earthy stopgaps will no longer be needed by Sculptor Bufano, whose original creations have kept San Francisco art circles in a whirl. The west coast corporation, known as "Bufano's Studios, Inc.," plans to sell 5,000 shares of stock to art lovers among the general public at \$10 a share. With this money, the directors will pay the rent on Benny's studio, give him a salary of \$50 a week, and take care of the exhibiting and marketing of his products.

They promise not to try to tell Benny what or how he should sculpture. In return, Benny agrees to follow a regular schedule and resist any impulses to give away statues.

A few problems left over from Benny's stormy and unincorporated past must be tackled immediately by his backers.

Various bits of colossal statues currently are in hock for back storage charges or lie scattered about un-

Now He Can Art
Away to His Heart's
Content, While His
Incorporators Do the
Selling of His Works.

locked sheds of San Francisco. They'll have to be gathered up and labeled so that Benny can go on from there with his career.

Somewhere, the corporation must find a studio big enough to house the ambitious projects of Benny, who justly earned the name of "the little man with big statues." His proposed statue of St. Francis, for instance, will be 18 stories tall!

The corporation also will have to get Benny some new tools. Burglars recently made off with his chisels and mallets, apparently in the belief that they could improve the lines of a few ungainly safes with them.

Though he presently is riding the crest of incorporated patronage, Sculptor Benny is no stranger to even more inartistic tangles.

Bufano first attracted attention with his streamlined, startlingly simplified statues of animals at the Panama-Pacific exposition in 1913; he had studied art in New York after coming over from Italy as a boy.

He complained after the exposition that the officials had not paid him for showing his work. From time to time, he has voiced similar complaints against other institutions.

"I'm going to form an organization of artists to demand payment of five to ten dollars a month from museums displaying our works," he said then. "Everybody else from the curator to the janitor gets paid. The artist gets nothing. He's a stooge."

In a youthful huff, Benny journeyed around the world seeking friendlier and more profitable climates.

Eventually, Bufano got back to San Francisco where ever since he

has been a storm center of artistic approval and criticism. One of the greatest controversies arose when former Mayor Angelo Rossi commissioned him to do the heroic figure of St. Francis atop Twin Peaks.

Bufano's model for a 186-foot statue of St. Francis with hands upraised was an artistic bombshell. Critics said it looked as if the figure were being held up by a robber. Others said, "Too modernistic." The Art Commission finally approved it but the war interrupted the work.

Civil recognition came to Bufano last year when Mayor Roger Lapham appointed him to the Art Commission. He promptly suggested beautifying lampposts with flower boxes.

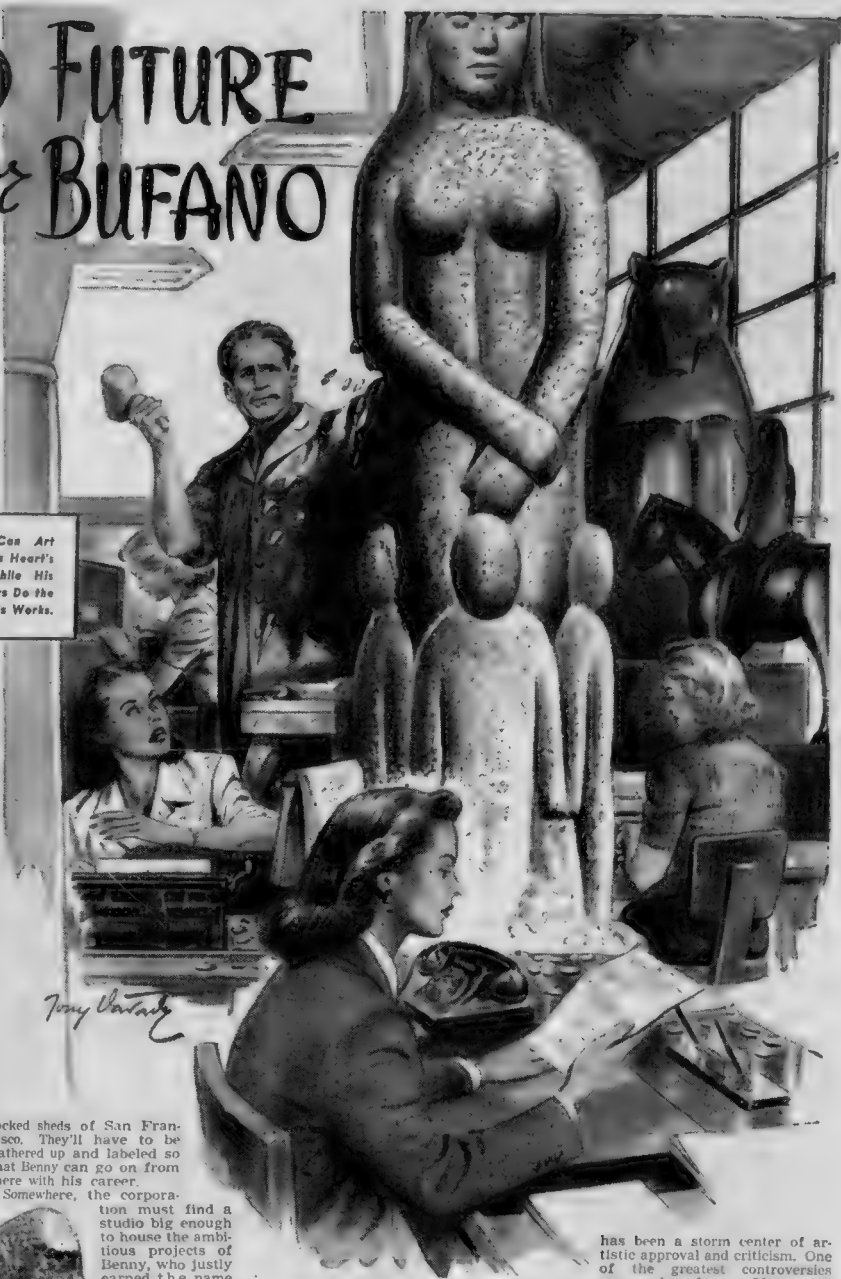
Now, it is hoped, Bufano has entered upon more tranquil and productive waters. Paul Verdier, wealthy merchant and chairman of the corporation, is certain that great things will come of the idea.

Artists, most of them an attractive shade of green, are watching the project with their brushes crossed.

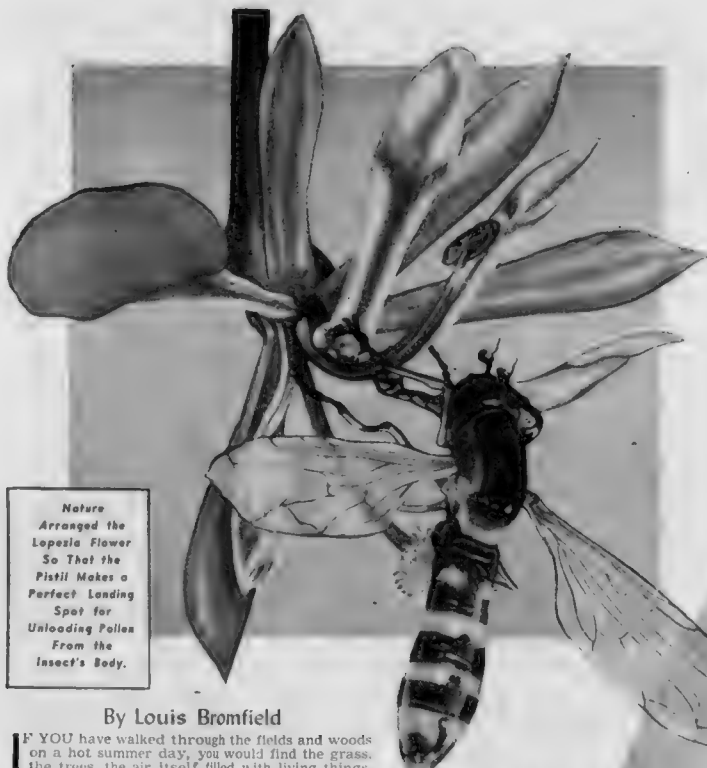
Illustrated by TONY VARADY

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 19

Beniamino Bufano
at Work on a
Great Bear
for the
University of
California.



The B



Nature
Arranged the
Lupinus Flower
So That the
Pistil Makes a
Perfect Landing
Spot for
Unloading Pollen
From the
Insect's Body.

By Louis Bromfield

IF YOU have walked through the fields and woods on a hot summer day, you would find the grass, the trees, the air itself filled with living things. If you stopped to listen you would find that the air was filled with the sound of humming and buzzing—a kind of delicate music which is a part of the Music of the Spheres.

It is made by the tiny wings of trillions of insects, all engaged in carrying out the laws of God. Nature and the Universe—to reproduce themselves and to carry on the principle of Life itself. They are all living, reproducing themselves and dying, under the compulsion of the same laws which govern the course of the earth and have brought about your existence and mine here upon the earth. But for these laws the walker in the fields, the listener to the humming sounds on a hot day, would not be in existence. It is all part of the vast Plan which even today man has not fully understood.

The insects buzzing and humming through the hot summer air are at work, in Divinely-planned intimate association, producing eggs to hatch out next season when this summer's crop is dead and gone—and also to add their tiny bodies to the fertility of the earth.

They are also a part of a more intricate plan—the pollenization or fertilization of the trillions of flowers, large and small, which blossom during the summer season. Without these insects the flowers of countless plants would never become fertile.

Nature and God, working in marvelous ways over millions of years, have evolved intricate and beautifully delicate systems by which life may reproduce itself. These range all the way from the father pollen, floating upon the water from one plant to another to fertilize the mother element, up to human love and marriage.

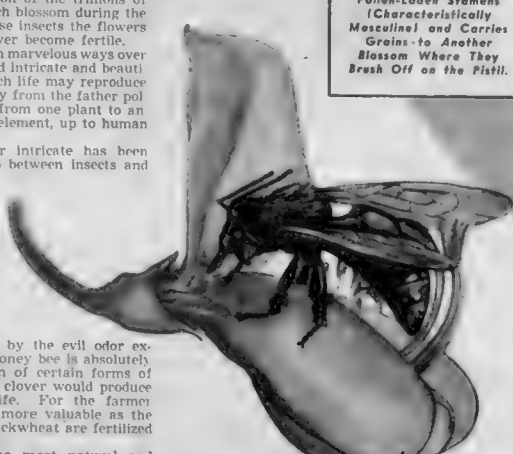
Nothing more delicate or intricate has been evolved than the relationship between insects and flowers. The insect, seeking honey or pollen or simply attracted by the brilliance or the odor of the flower, transfers in its flight from one blossom to another the father pollen to the seed.

Some flowers, like the Nicotiana, develop exquisite perfumes which attract moths, others like the skunk cabbage attract carrion flies by the evil odor exhaled by the blossom. The honey bee is absolutely necessary to the pollenization of certain forms of clover. Without the bee, the clover would produce only barren seed without life. For the farmer the honey bee is sometimes more valuable as the agent by which clover and buckwheat are fertilized than as a producer of honey.

The whole impulse is the most natural and healthy of the forces controlled by the inexorable laws of God and Nature. It is important that we understand the process and respect it as a part of our existence and of a vast plan the workings of which still remain largely beyond our knowledge.

Over the top of the insect's head, the pistil is coiled over the insect's back.

Hunting Nectar in a Buckwheat Flower, the Bee Brushes Against Pollen-Laden Stamens (Characteristically Masculine) and Carries Grains to Another Blossom Where They Brush Off on the Pistil.

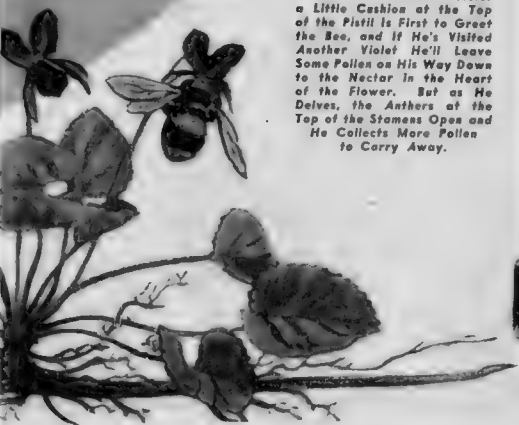


In This Scotch Broom Flower the Small Green Brush Coiled Over the Insect's Back is the Pistil That Collects the Pollen. The Orange-Tipped Stamens Already Have Unloaded Their Precious Dust.

BEES and the FLOWERS



Some Oxalis Flowers Have Short Stamens and a Long Pistil, Like This One. In Others the Arrangement Is Reversed. The Bee Uses His Head to Gather Pollen From Short Stamens for Delivery to Short-Pistilled Flowers. Pollen From Long Stamens Is Collected on His Body for Long-Pistilled Flowers.



In the Sweet Garden Violet a Little Cushion at the Top of the Pistil Is First to Greet the Bee, and If He's Visited Another Violet He'll Leave Some Pollen on His Way Down to the Nectar in the Heart of the Flower. But as He Delivers, the Anthers at the Top of the Stamens Open and He Collects More Pollen to Carry Away.



The Aristolochia Has Been Cut in Half to Show How Little Hairs in the Calyx Tube Let Flies Crawl Down, Then Keep Them Prisoners Until They've Unloaded the Pollen They Brought in With Them, and Until the Blossom's Own Pollen Is Ready to Be Carried Out.



Ancient Egyptians Made Cloth of Ramie and Sometimes Used It in Wrapping Up Mummies.



The Gulf States and California Have the Right Kind of Climate for Raising Ramie.

New FABRICS from an Ancient Grass

By Joseph C. Peters

AFTER searching centuries for new textile materials, natural or artificial, out of which to fashion durable clothing, man now is going back to ramie, an ancient vegetable fiber that has been used by the Chinese for more than 4,000 years. The Egyptians used it, too, in wrapping up their mummies.

Although the qualities of ramie were no secret to western civilization it has been imported as Chinese grass for many years—the fiber could not be produced profitably in this country because the only known method of processing it was by hand.

According to reports on the latest experiments, a machine has been perfected that will replace the ancient hand process and may lead to the production of ramie fiber on a paying commercial basis.

In a recent monthly review, the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta predicted that ramie "may well prove

to be a revolutionary development in the textile world." If the new process proves successful, it may rival Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin.

Flax is the most ancient of vegetable fibers still favored by modern users. It was cultivated by Swiss lake-dwellers who developed a crude agriculture in the Stone Age. Emperor Shen Nung taught the people of China how to raise "ma" or hemp 23 centuries before the birth of Christ. Linen, made of flax, excels in durability, but lacks the absorbent qualities of silk and cotton.

Silk was known in China at the time of Foh-hi, a century before the Deluge. Cotton, too, has an ancient history. The first wooden machine for cotton production, the churka, was introduced in 300 B. C. in India where it is still in use.

Wool also goes back to time immemorial when man began to raise sheep in the pre-agrarian stage.

So long as we have all those textiles, which have been profitably

produced for centuries, plus the new synthetics, such as rayon and nylon, why should we try to produce ramie in this country? The answer is that ramie is in some respects superior to them.

Its tensile strength is greater than that of flax, cotton, hemp or silk—123,000 pounds per square inch, comparable to mild steel. This increases when wet. A thread of ramie is twice as strong as one of cotton of the same diameter. It is more absorbent than cotton, flax or wool and dries more quickly than any of them, while it is as light and soft as silk or rayon.

A shirt made of ramie, the experimenters report, will outlast any other and will never shrink from washing. Spots, too, can easily be removed from it although it holds commercial dyes better than any other fiber.

Tests have shown that ramie material creased 100 times with a hot iron will not break.

Ramie, Known for Ages as China Grass, to Become the Foremost Modern Textile

Because it is light, cool and readily absorbs perspiration, ramie is ideal for summer clothing. Its fiber is perfect for naval cordage because the wetter it gets the stronger it becomes and it is not affected by salt water.

In general, ramie can be used for most purposes that other fibers are used for. Its greatest future, however, is expected in blending with other fibers. Such mixture will produce materials with some properties superior to those now available. It

will strengthen cotton, for instance, reduce shrinkage in woollens and increase the low wet strength of rayon.

Ramie is a perennial sub-tropical plant, non-singing weed of the nettle family, growing in a single stalk and reaching a height of eight feet within two months. Like hemp, it produces a bast fiber, that is a fiber from its stalk and not from the flower as in the case of cotton.

Ramie was introduced in the United States in 1855. It is grown today in the Gulf States and California where the warm climate with enough moisture supplied either by rainfall or irrigation is suitable for its cultivation.

At harvesting, the stem of the plant is cut down, the outer cover peeled off and the layers of fiber stripped in ribbons from the stalk.

The problem has been to devise a safe and speedy mechanical process for this stripping or decortication.

Back in 1869, the British Government offered a prize of \$25,000 for the invention of a mechanical decorticator, but no one has yet collected the money.

Producing finished products from the fiber is no problem, for it can be spun, woven or knitted on all stand and textile machinery now in use.

Growing ramie is no problem either, although tonnage quantity is important, as it takes 30 tons of ramie stalks to produce one ton of fiber. In the Everglades section of Florida three or four crops a year bring in 10 tons per acre for each cutting.

Nathan Mayo, Commissioner of the Florida State Agriculture Department, is chiefly responsible for this. Until the use of a mechanical decorticator has been established, however, the domestic growers will not be able to compete with the age-old hand industry of the Orient.

The new decorticator, if it proves practical, will unquestionably put ramie on the map. In that case, experts say, it would increase rather than decrease the production of other textiles, such as cotton, because they would be extensively used in blending with ramie to produce better goods, as tungsten and other metals are used to produce better steel.

PIN-UP GIRL...MODEL MOTHER

Beauty winner turned model says: "My dental 'beauty secret' is no secret to my daughter!"

YOU MIGHT THINK that being a model, secretary and singer would be career enough for any woman. Especially when you add beauty prizes and an officers' "Pin-up Club" during the war.

But not for Florida's lovely Laura O'Banion. Her major interest lies in her blond, 7-year old daughter Patricia, whose wholesome smile already reflects her mother's care.

For Laura's modeling career has taught her the importance of a smile. And she's making sure that Patty practices the same dental "beauty secret" she herself follows: *Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana.* A radiant smile, you see, depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.



A third-grader at seven is Patty. And smart enough to realize the importance of her nightly workout on teeth and gums with Ipana. For Mother has explained that gums should be massaged every time she cleans her teeth with this famous tooth paste. This speeds up needed circulation within the gums, thus helping to safeguard her future smile.



The way to train a smile is this. First, Patty brushes her teeth. Then she massages with Ipana, too, to guard against tender gums. Among adults, sensitive gums often herald their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to see your dentist right away. He may merely suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



World's two loveliest smiles, according to proud father William O'Banion, a Government aircraft communicator. One reason they're such charmers is because the O'Banion teeth and gums get proper care. Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.



Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with Ipana and Massage



Should parents go to school to learn what so many children already know—the value of gum massage? For proper care of teeth and gums is being taught in thousands of classrooms today. Not only that: 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, as shown in a nationwide survey. Same survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice for their own use!

**The Auto Industry, Marking Half Century
of Progress, Holds Its Golden Jubilee, as
It Opens a New Era**

The First
FIFTY YEARS



PRIMROSE & WEST, the minstrels, were on triumphal tour. Mus-tachioed Teddy Hale had just won the six-day bicycle race. Ladies' flannelette undershirts were selling at 13 cents, and barbers insisted five cents was not too much for a shave. There was plenty to talk about in 1896.

Then, along in the year, two more topics were added. Horseless wagons began to roll cautiously along the streets. At the same time a new publication was put before the American people.

This year, the wagon and the publication celebrate. The automobile industry is 50 years old; so is *The American Weekly*. They've come down through the half-century gathering strength and stability and public interest.

For the automobile makers, who are holding an industry-wide Golden Jubilee this week, with the principal program in Detroit, it's been one of the greatest adventures in the annals of business; of more than 1,000 who started at one time or another, only nine are left in the field with a few new entries.

The survivors of old times, gaining prestige and popularity through the years, and ready now for the motor car's greatest era, are: Chrysler, Crosley, Ford, General Motors, Hudson, Nash, Packard, Studebaker, and Willys-Overland.

The newcomers in the field are Kaiser-Frazer, and Tucker.

Where now are the Bugmobile, the Zip and the Daring? They're with the Dewabot, the Locomobile and the Peerless. They're with a lot of others that once took the turns wide, with cut-outs open, and a hand squeezing the rubber bulb that tooted the horn.

They had their day, and gave way.

That Quaint Old Custom, Spooning, Is Revived to Remind Observers of the Jubilee That Cars Sometimes Were Parked.



Jubilee Celebrants Show Us How the Hardy Ones of the Auto's Early Days Looked When 15 Miles an Hour Was Break-neck Speed.

From the time Charles E. Duryea sold the first car in the summer of 1896 down to now the industry's course has been one of constant change, the product each year better than the year before.

As car makers celebrate their golden jubilee this year, they'll think back once in a while to the early days. The first cars had bicycle wheels, and the single-cylinder engine was under the high seat. It wasn't until 1900 that Columbia, Winton and Rambler, pioneers, were daring enough to move the motor up under the hood. It wasn't until then that the tiller bar gave place to the steering wheel.

Even then, most people were certain the horse was here to stay, not the horseless wagon. Boston passed a city ordinance forbidding automobiles to enter city parks between 10 in the morning and 9 at night. The purpose: To protect women and children from runaways. Auto speed limits were jogtrot averages. South Dakota resolutely declared that motorists could not put a wheel over the state line.

Hardy pioneers vulcanized their own tires, and carried on. Speed and endurance, however, already were catch-words, and the

manufacturers sponsored national events to make their points. There were cross-country tours, mountain climbing stunts and the 71-day trip across the continent in 1903. Dare devils vied for the Vanderbilt Cup. Fisher in a Mohawk, Baker in a Torpedo Kid, others as forgotten now as the names of their cars.

Steamers and electrics for a while were favorites, and Locomobiles in 1900 announced: "The best scientists in the country have declared in favor of steam as the best power for motor carriages. The Locomobile is propelled by steam, and has ascended and descended Mt. Washington." Locomobile later went over to gasoline, but Stanley, Whitney and Prescott stayed with steam in their last days.

Waltham countered with: "Our car climbs all grades and carries four people everywhere they wish to go." Others got into the running. They saw value in slogans. There were "Rigs That Run," and an admonition, "Buy a Bates and Keep Your Dates."

It was expensive to buy any of them. The average wholesale price in 1900 was \$1,170 and by 1908 it was up to \$2,120. They went still higher, but afterward increasing efficiency in production began to level off the costs. Standardization of fabricated parts after 1912, according to rules of the Society of Automotive Engineers, helped, too. Methods of mass production grew popular. The assembly line came

into being.

The early 1920s hit the auto industry hard; the later 1920s made up for it. Then, in the depression of the 1930s, into limbo went Pierce Arrow, Duesenberg, Durant, Kissel, Chandler, Auburn, Jordan and Stutz. Between 1929 and 1939, two-thirds of all concerns making cars went through receiverships. Some failed to keep abreast of engineering progress; others, while alert to technical changes, were poor businessmen. The race was to the strong.

One reason is that net profits haven't been what many a driver has thought they were. The per cent of net profit on sales after taxes in the industry was 13.7 in 1927, and most of the time since then it has gone down. In 1937, it was 7.7; in 1938, it was 3.9; in 1939, it was 8.25; in 1940, it was 7.07; in 1941, it was 6.45; in 1942, it was 3.56; in 1943, it was 3.1; in 1944, it was 2.6; in 1945, it was about 2.94.

Meanwhile, the auto industry figures it has created 7,000,000 jobs in manufacturing, sales and use of motor vehicles; its 66-hour work week is down to 40 hours; its workers have double the purchasing power they had in the early days.

The few competitors remaining in the field in the golden jubilee year don't disparage the work of the others who fell by the way. Today's cars are the end result of 50 years' research and development, some of it by manufacturers whose names this year's drivers never heard. Everyone in the industry contributed.

Mother and father and the children—all over the country—stand to benefit. They'll travel 80 times as much this year as people did in the days before Mr. Duryea sold his first car in 1896.

ANCO RAIN-MASTER "Dead-Locker"

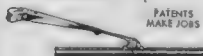


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STAYS PUT.
ENTER TO
RELEASE.
CAN'T FALL OFF
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(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first
for military aircraft—now for your car.)

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!



After all, it's your car to protect. So you remind him. Get RAIN-MASTERS... patented features... original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks... used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too—because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer.

May save you a costly smashup. Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1888
BART, INDIANA

If You Have Missed Some of the Famous Recipes Published in The American Weekly, You Can Order Them Listed in the Box on Page 36.

They CAN Keep a Secret

ONE of man's oldest jokes and also his corniest one, as lots of women see it—is his threadbare gag that a woman can't keep a secret.

A joke with such staying qualities probably will never die. But, for the information of males who think it's funny—and true—there are 50 women walking around in England today who have kicked the props from under the myth of woman's gabbiness.

These women served in the WAAF as code officers and handled the biggest, most important secrets of World War II.

The most confidential battle plans were known to them long before battles were fought and the first bulletins about victories and defeats which shook the world passed through the hands of this picked feminine band before the news reached the public. Not once did they spill a secret.

The "cipher queens," as high officials dubbed them, served in all parts of the world.

They knew how Montgomery planned to crush Rommel weeks before the final German push was made at El Alamein, and they got the first news of the sinking of the mighty Nazi battleship Bismarck. They knew about D-Day

many months beforehand. Groups of cipher queens, accompanied Winston Churchill to Yalta, Potsdam and other important confer-



Fifty English Women Keep Most of the Top Secrets of the War, and Not One of Them Has Been Accused of Gabbiness.

ences to decode or put into code the thousands of messages received and sent. The key to every code and cipher used by Britain and the United States was in their keeping.

There were several times during the war when mil-

itary officers did too much talking over their cocktails. An American got into hot water for discussing D-Day at a merry gathering before the historic Normandy Invasion.

But not one such indiscretion ever was charged against any of the women who knew all the top secrets and who might have endangered whole armies if they'd talked.

The 50 met in London recently for the last time before demobilization. A high official offered the grateful thanks of the British Government and regretted that the women could not be cited by name.

"Unfortunately," he said, "some of the secrets known to you are still of great importance. You can't even share them with your husbands."

"Being mere men," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "they might lack the reliability of the gentler sex and wag their tongues."

"Women have the reputation of gossiping," he concluded, "but you have proved that, in matters of real importance, a woman can keep her mouth shut. If danger should threaten us again, Great Britain's course as regards its secret codes is plain. It can place them again in the capable hands of intelligent, patriotic—and silent—women."

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Yes, Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are made to suit the special needs of baby as starting cereals, and right through babyhood.

You see, baby is born with a supply of iron gathered through the prenatal period. Doctors have discovered that this supply of precious iron often runs low some months after birth, so baby must get his iron from what he eats.

For this reason both Gerber's Cereals are rich in added iron, and as a further aid to baby's well-being both have generous amounts of B complex vitamins derived from natural sources.

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You can avoid monotony and help baby's appetite by serving Cereal Food at one feeding, and Strained Oatmeal at the next. Baby likes variety, too!

Be sure to get Gerber's Cereals with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.



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My baby is now ... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

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*this exciting
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to so many popular girls?

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CASHMERE BOUQUET

ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH
THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

Romantic Rascal

WHEN the story of espionage in World War II is written one of the blackest chapters will dishonor the memory of a Cockney crook named Harold Cole.

He deserted from the British Army in 1940, when he was supposed to be guarding the French defense lines west of the Maginot Line. He learned French, joined the French resistance movement under the name of Paul Delobel, stole 100,000 francs of Underground funds and was arrested by the Germans.

He convinced the enemy that he was a Nazi sympathizer—by giving them the names of the 50 Frenchmen with whom he had been working—and joined the German army.

He deserted again, was picked up by the Vichy police, was court-martialed, hanged, escaped, and got a job with the Gestapo in Paris. British MPs picked him up, threw him in prison, and for the second time he outsmarted his jailers and got away.

That was in 1945 and, for a year, he lived a charmed life. England wanted him for treason, France wanted him for betraying the resistance movement. Ger-

many wanted him for double-crossing the Nazis.

Finally the Paris police, in ways known only to their best detectives, discovered Cole posing as a Belgian army officer and living in a Paris apartment with a lovely young woman with whom he obviously was in love. They were often seen strolling on the boulevards and walking in the parks.

The janitor of the place where they lived said they were the most romantic couple he had ever seen. The captain was always bringing presents to his lady. Nothing was too good for her pleasure or comfort.

It wasn't until Cole was dead—riddled by a barrage

of bullets—that his lady revealed his tenderer side and the consideration he had for her when he knew the jig was up.

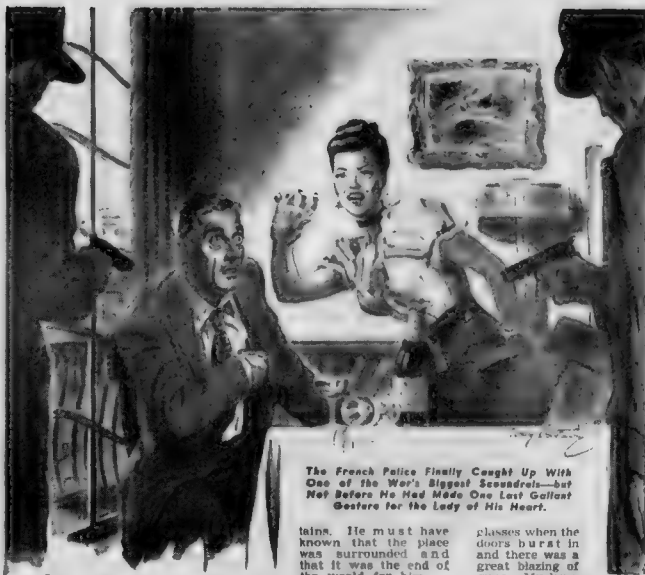
"The night they killed him," she sobbed, "he kept peering through the cur-

The French Police Finally Caught Up With One of the War's Biggest Scoundrels—but Not Before He Had Made One Last Gallant Gesture for the Lady of His Heart.

tains. He must have known that the place was surrounded and that it was the end of the world for him.

"But he said nothing to alarm me—only that we quickly ice a couple of bottles of our best champagne and drink a toast to our love, for which he would always be more than grateful. We had just raised our

glasses when the doors burst in and there was a great blazing of guns. My lower was dead. Maybe he was a bad man, as they say, but it's hard for me to believe. He was charming and kind always. He even made me happy when he knew he was going to die like an animal in a trap."



CLOROX IS SUCH A BIG HELP, MOTHER! I'D HATE TO FACE WASHDAY WITHOUT IT!



YES, CLOROX DOES WONDERS IN BLEACHING WHITE COTTONS AND LINENS SNOWY-WHITE, BRIGHTENING FAST COLORS!

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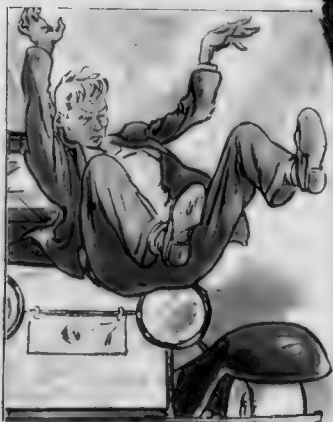
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Case



*In the Speakeasy
They Fed Him
Corrosive Cocktails
and Oysters Soaked
in Denatured Alcohol
and Spoiled Sardines
Peppered With Tin.
He Asked for More.*



They Ran Him Down With a Taxicab, but in a Month Mike Was Back for More Killing.

By Peter Levins

THE mystery about Mike Malloy was how he ever managed to live as long as he did. A champion of resistance and recuperation, he certainly earned his title of Most Durable Man. Before his epic history becomes a legend at which coming generations might scoff as too fabulous for belief, let us here and now set down that such a person as Mike Malloy really did exist.

Here are the facts:

Early in 1932, Mabelle Carlson, destitute ex-hatdresser, wandered into the speakeasy of Anthony Marino on Third ave. near 171st st., The Bronx, N. Y. Marino, 27, who'd been arrested for crimes up to and including murder but never convicted, learned that the woman had no money and no home, and that she was therefore a likely prospect for a scheme he had in mind.

He gave her food and drink. He housed her in a furnished room near by. Presently, having taken out \$2,000 insurance on her life, he drugged her, put her to bed, poured water on her and the bed clothes, and then opened a window. She died of pneumonia on March 17, and Marino had no difficulty in collecting the insurance.

The speakeasy owner congratulated himself. Business had been poor; he'd been needing a profitable sideline. What could be simpler than killing off homeless derelicts? The individual profit might not be much, but the turnover—that was

the idea, the turnover would be quick. Besides, most of the prospects would be half-dead already; wouldn't take much to bump 'em off.

Marino kept an eye peeled.

Michael Malloy, an unemployed stationary engineer whose age was about 40, stumbled into the place several weeks after Marino collected the insurance on Miss Carlson. Marino sized up this drink-logged bit of human driftwood, then interviewed him as to his qualifications. The qualifications seemed excellent: Malloy had no friends, no relatives, no home. He appeared to need nothing in this world except alcohol.

Marino threw some free drinks into Malloy, then called a conference. Those attending this fateful parley were, besides Marino, his bartender, Joe Murphy; Tough Tony Bastone; Frank Pasqua, an undertaker; Dan Kriesberg and Joe Maglione.

"You make friends with him, Frank," Mastermind Marino told Pasqua. "Then we'll see about getting some insurance. We should finish it all in a couple of weeks." He rubbed his hands as he added, "And with the double indemnity clause, we should make a nice little profit."

Pasqua encountered no obstacles in making friends with Mike. All he had to do was feed him drinks. Then, arm over the Irishman's shoulder, he mentioned that he needed a caretaker for his funeral establishment on 116th St. Presently, after a few more snorts contributed by the house, Malloy rolled off with his new employer.

This happened late in June. About a week later, Pasqua began to describe to Malloy the blessings of insurance. Malloy, now living in a daze of gratitude and alcohol, said he didn't have any dear one to whom he might leave insurance but it seemed a fine idea to make Pasqua his beneficiary. Why, Frank was his best friend!

Frank indicated that he was overwhelmed, and bought Mike some more drinks.

Early in July, Joseph A. Frumento, a life in-

surance agent, signed Malloy for a \$3,000 policy, with Pasqua named as the beneficiary. However, investigation convinced the company that the bibulous caretaker would not be a good risk, and the application was rejected.

Meanwhile, Mike had the run of the speakeasy. Weeks passed. Marino no longer rubbed his hands at the sight of the jovial Irishman.

Another insurance agent visited Pasqua's shop to see if he could manage a policy. The applicant not being present, Pasqua took the agent to Marino's where they found Mike in his usual comatose condition. However, under Pasqua's friendly direction, he managed to make application for another \$3,000 policy.

Alas, history repeated itself. The application was rejected. That made Marino good and mad.

It was not until Nov. 16 that Pasqua wangled a policy. It was for a mere \$800 and was issued to "Michael Mallory." As the agent subsequently testified, he left the policy at Pasqua's, and it was later returned to him signed. He never met "Mallory" and did not know that Malloy was the one being insured. This was in violation of company rules, but the agent explained that Pasqua had told him Mallory worked nights.

No physical examination was necessary for this policy. As for the beneficiary, that was given as a brother, "Joseph Mallory."

"We've got to get some more policies," snorted Marino. "Got to get a return on our investment." Pasqua kept trying. On Dec. 10, he succeeded in placing a \$100 policy, the insured being given as "Nicholas Mallory." As this policy contained a double indemnity clause, the gang stood to gross \$1,780, hardly enough to cover the overhead.

EVEN so, Mike's time had come.

The safest method, Marino felt, would be to have the drunk hit by a car. Accordingly he broached the matter to Eddie (Tin Ear) Smith, mentioning a fee of \$200. Smith, as he put it later, "tolned away in disgust." His disgust was occasioned by the smallness of the fee.

Marino next approached Harry (Hershey)

Illustrated by WENDELL KLING

of the Durable Dupe

For Months They Tried to Kill Him in Many Ingenious Ways, but It Was Only After They Had Stood by While He Inhaled Gas That They Were Able to Collect \$800 of Their Insurance



Making Things Easy for Pneumonia, They Poured Water on Him, Half Stripped and Drank, and Left Him on a Lonely Park Bench One Icy Night. He Didn't Even Catch Cold.

the next day, but found no report of the accidental death. Finally, after three days, Murphy phoned Fordham Hospital and asked if a Mr. Mike Malloy were a patient there.

"Yes," was the reply, "and he's doing fine!" He had a broken collarbone, a slight concussion of the brain, and some bruises.

Marino had the bright idea of knocking off a substitute for Malloy, to save time. Accordingly, on the night of Feb. 7, he drugged a man named Joseph Patrick Murray and hit him with the cab. Again things went wrong; Murray spent two months in a hospital, but he lived. Not until some while later did he understand why, when he arrived at the hospital, a card was found in his pocket, bearing the name "Nicholas Mallory."

Sooner than anyone had expected, Malloy was back, the picture of health and very thirsty. "They fed me milk and cocoa, and then more milk!" he yelled. "I thought I'd die!"

Marino called a conference. Grumpily he said they might as well forget the accident clause; the idea was to get rid of Malloy fast.

One bitter cold night soon after Mike's return, they took him to Crotona Park, the Bronx, placed him on a park bench, opened his coat and shirt, poured water all over him, and left him there to contract pneumonia.

Instead he walked in the next day shouting for a drink. "I don't know what happened to me last night," he said, "but I musta got a chill."

The boys put their heads together again. One of them suggested soaking oysters in denatured alcohol. Malloy, his appetite whetted by a pint

or so of bar liquor, ate the oysters with relish, remained upright and cheery thereafter, and finally asked if they had any more of those oysters.

Next they opened a can of sardines and left them lying around at room temperature for several days until they were well poisoned. Then they ground up the container, mixed the tin with the sardines, and fed the concoction to Malloy in sandwiches. He found them, he said, "very appetizing."

Mastermind Marino was fit to be tied. "We've got to give him the works," he growled.

"The works" consisted of wood alcohol. Malloy assimilated repeated generous doses, and came back for more. In one sense he was "out of this world," in another he remained definitely, aggravatingly in it. Marino and his pals should have begun to grow afraid of him, as one might grow to fear something supernatural, but in their

lexicon there was no such word as "quit."

They decided to try gas. Pasqua hired a room on Fulton ave. The next evening (Feb. 22) Murphy and Kriesberg escorted the stupefied phenomenon to the room, attached one end of a rubber hose to a gas jet, the other end to Malloy.

Then they stood by until he died. "Why didn't we think o' that in the first place?" chortled Marino as they celebrated.

Things went along swimmingly. Murphy "discovered" the body the next day. A local doctor certified that death had been due to lobar pneumonia. Pasqua had the body buried, and a few days later Murphy collected \$800 insurance. He could not collect the \$490 because it was the rule of the company that issued that policy that a full week had to elapse.

Before that week was up, Tough Tony Bastone became outspoken in his protests against receiving only \$65 as his share, and was found shot to death in the gutter in front of the speak-easy. Maglione, caught near by, admitted he did it in self-defense. Murphy was also arrested. Marino fled, but later was arrested, too.

SEVERAL weeks went by, during which the avenging angel of Mike Malloy must have been hard at work. Eddie Smith, who had "toined away in disgust," was arrested in connection with a robbery. He quickly saw the advantage of squealing on the so-called Murder Trust.

Marino, Murphy, Pasqua and Kriesberg went to the chair, while taxi driver Green and Maglione, having turned state's evidence, got off with a light sentence.

He slew women, then wrote letters blaming others. He let about the Lambeth Ogre in next week's issue.

Green, a taxi-driver, who agreed to do it for \$150.

Came a night in January, 1933. They filled Malloy with hooch, half carried him to Green's cab, and all got in. At Marino's direction, Green drove to a lonely spot in the Bronx.

"Here we are," said Marino. The cab stopped.

BASTONE and Murphy got Mike out and stood him up in the middle of the road. Green turned, went back a couple of blocks, then headed for the trio at full speed. But then Bastone noticed a woman looking out of a window in a near-by house; they pulled Mike out of the way as the cab roared by.

They proceeded to another spot.

This time, everything went fine except that when Bastone and Murphy leaped out of the way of the car, Malloy leaped, too.

Another spot. Another try. This time the car hit him.

"Turn around and run over him," Marino ordered. "Just to make sure."

But at that moment, another car approached, and they had to flee.

The boys hopefully searched the newspapers

Same old story—
lost his job again!



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Glamour With a G

THE Follies Girls that the late Flo Ziegfeld made into an American legend have a perennial appeal that isn't easy to explain.

Some of them were blondes, some were brunettes, others were red-heads. There were tall ones and short ones, thin ones



Only the Late Florenz Ziegfeld knew the Secret c! Finding and Glorifying These Legendary Follies Girls.

and plump ones. Few of them could do much, either at singing or dancing. But they held the center of the stage season after season and their fame has diminished little with the passing years.

Where these various and glamorous young women came from, how they were picked and what they did with their glorified prominence, is the subject of a series of articles by Adela Rogers St. Johns, beginning in next week's issue of this magazine.

Don't miss "The Girls Who Glorified Ziegfeld."

"HEARTLESS women," says Dan Parker in the coming issue of The American Weekly, "are to be found among those who own racing stables. But most horsewomen lavish affection on the noble beasts and often pay, in sorrow, the price the game ruthlessly demands of all who follow it."

To bear out his statement he tells the touching and tragic story of Elizabeth Bosley and her thoroughbred, Chase Me, a horse of high promise that might have beaten the great Equipoise II.

Dan Parker's story is another exciting chapter in the series of articles presented under the head, "The Great Racing Gamble."

HIS Highness the Maharajah of Rewa, one of the richest and most powerful of India's native princes, is out of a job. He got too smart for his embroidered breeches and the British powers that be yanked him off his jeweled throne for forgetting to remember the "paramountcy of the Crown."

Now this potentate, head man over 2,000,000 swarthy subjects in a territory twice as big as Wales, had his royal ears pinned back in a strange story and an interesting one. You'll find it, dramatically illustrated, among the many features in next week's magazine.

June 2, 1916 31

They used to pay \$15 for permanents..



Mrs. Irving Lawrence, daughter Frances Mearns, and granddaughter Mary-Lynne, of Brooklyn, have lovely Toni waves—helped give 'em to each other.

Now they have **Toni** waves at home!

Today, thousands of women give themselves and help each other with Toni creme cold waves. It's simple, easy to do at home—perfect even for baby-fine, bleached, and children's hair, too! Takes only 2 to 3 hours... lovely, natural-looking, long lasting! Professional-type Toni creme waving lotion imparts new beauty to the hair. Everything you need for a soft, beautiful permanent. Give yourself or the gals in your family the next permanent—with Toni.

GUARANTEED! You must be judged worthy of Toni waves or Toni will refund full purchase price.

\$1.25 plus tax

Toni home permanent
CREME COLD WAVE

AT LEADING COSMETIC, DRUG, AND NOTION COUNTERS



"I never had much confidence in the new life-guard—until I saw her eating Wheaties!"

"She eats her Wheaties." That's making plenty for any gal (or guy). Start eating lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions"—Have 'em every day!



NEVER NEGLECT A LEG SCRATCH

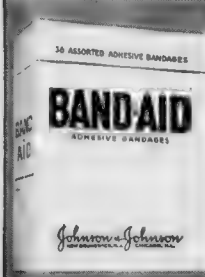
Any scratch can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the scratch properly. Then put on a BAND-AID—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home—one where you work.



"BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson."



"O-O-O MY FEET!"

WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES THAT DRAG YOU DOWN, TIRED BURNING, TENDER, PERSPIRING, ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT S-X-M-A-U-S-T-I-D LOOK?

QUICK RELIEF!

GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH EFFICIENT, SOOTHING JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES & AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENTS

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP

—LORRA JUDITH AND SON

Hakim the Hated

"HORRORS, that dreadful man is coming in here."

"What dreadful man, Aziza?" her friend Fatma asked. She poised the tip of a spoon on the edge of her coffee cup and glanced at a trim figure crossing the sun-drenched Cairo street.

"Why, Tewfik El Hakim, of course," Aziza replied, tucking into place a stray

to solitude; in fact, prefers it. When he leaves his hotel, he always carefully glances about the streets in order to avoid embarrassing encounters with resentful Moslem ladies.

Fatma, fascinated, pursued the subject.

"What awful things has he done to women?" she asked.

"All he's done," Aziza re-



In the Minds of Egypt's Moslem Women the Dapper Little Figure in the Maroon Beret Is the Meanest Man They Know.

tress of her gleaming blue black hair.

"Hm-m, that one," sniffed Karma, who was exchanging the gossip of the Egyptian capital with Aziza and Fatma over the luncheon table. "He's the meanest man in all Egypt."

"He is!" exclaimed Fatma, incredulously. "You're talking about that dapper little man with the waxed mustache who's wearing a maroon beret instead of a tarboosh? What's he so mean about?"

"Don't be a little goose," Fatma, rejoined Aziza. "He's a professional woman hater." She quenched her rose-petal tipped cigarette.

Karma nodded agreement. The object of their attention, suave, wealthy, middle-aged, Paris-educated Tewfik El Hakim, entered the restaurant and took a small table in a corner, alone, called the Bernard Shaw of Egypt because of the rapier-like wit of his political writings, Hakim is accustomed

pled, "is to conduct a campaign for every man who can afford it to have four wives. And we Egyptian women have fought for years to free ourselves from that polygamous nonsense."

Aziza went on to explain that Hakim believes that "four wives can do so much more for a man than just one." A man needs, Hakim argues, one wife for intellectual companionship; a second to cook; a third—a beautiful one—to show off in company, and a fourth for romance.

A man with only one wife, this Egyptian author declares, "is like an automobile with only one tire." Fatma wrinkled her pretty dark brows. "Four wives," she remarked. "And one of them for romance. At least the man has sentiment in his soul."

"Sentiment? Nonsense!" Aziza nearly shrieked. "He's got no regard for women at all. Why, the wretch is a confirmed bachelor!"

Sit-Down Job Hunters

A NEW twist to the old sit-down strikers' technique has popped up in Buenos Aires, where it is being put to use by pinacle-climbing Brazilian job-hunters.

It all started when a young man scaled the 270-foot State Radio tower on Corrientes St. and dropped a note saying he wouldn't come down until he got a job in the local post office.

The postal-telegraph director was summoned. He negotiated by megaphone, offering the lad a job as a messenger. The young man, accepting, scrambled down from his high perch.

Since then there has been

a virtual epidemic of job-hunters who, seeking high places in public view, have announced they wouldn't budge until someone offered to put them on a payroll.

Thus far it has been working. The latest successful candidate for work was 24-year-old Jose la Diana, who threw down a short note from his perch saying in no uncertain terms that he wanted a job so he could get married.

"If no worthy offer is forthcoming," he wrote, "I shall commit suicide." Police and firemen dragged him down. But the resulting publicity already had done the trick. He got a job.

NOW YOU NEED NO LONGER ENDURE Gray Hair



For a Hollywood Scientist Has Found an Easy Way to Overcome This Handicap.

Don't worry if your hair is turning gray, or looks dry, dull and faded. Do like men and women from one end of the nation to the other are doing. Get HERBOLD POMADE from your Dealer and use as directed. Read the Guarantee below.

WHEN YOUR HAIR is streaked with gray, faded, unattractively-looking, you may be handicapped in many ways. Try HERBOLD POMADE and see what it can do. Once each day take a little of this clean, fragrant substance on your finger tips and massage it into your hair. This simple process adds deep, rich, youthful looking color to faded, gray-streaked hair, yet works so gradually, from day to day, that usually not even close friends and associates will know!

IN FACT, it largely appears that you are simply using an excellent daily hair dressing, because HERBOLD POMADE conditions and grooms the hair and helps keep it in good form, while adding youthful-looking color at the same time. It will not rub off or stain clothing or pillow, and is easy to use. Takes less than a minute to apply, while you are freshening-up for the day.

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BELIEVE. Although other methods you may have tried sounded easy but were hard to use, HERBOLD POMADE is really easier to use than these simple statements may lead you to expect.



UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Get HERBOLD POMADE at drug and department stores. Use exactly as directed. If for any reason after you have used the entire contents, you are not completely satisfied, return the empty jar to address below and your total purchase price will be refunded. Should your favorite store be unable to supply you promptly, send direct to Laboratory. Enclose \$1.00 for the Pomade plus 25c tax and postage (total \$1.25).

Herbold Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 22, 7212 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood 46, California

HEADACHE RELIEF!

THANKS TO FAST-ACTING BROMO-SELTZER

For fast headache relief, turn to Bromo-Seltzer. Because Bromo-Seltzer fights ordinary headaches these three ways:

1. Helps relieve headache
 2. Helps relieve upset stomach
 3. Helps quiet uneasy nerves
- ... that may team up to cause trouble. Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore counter or fountain today! Four convenient home sizes. Compounded since 1887.



For **FAST** headache relief
always take **BROMO-SELTZER**
A PRODUCT OF EMERSON DRUG COMPANY SINCE 1887

FREE!

This beautiful 40-page vacation book: profusely illustrated, scores of suggestions for the grandest vacation of your life!



Hundreds of exciting vacation spots in one great state — NEW YORK!

No matter where you live, don't settle your vacation plans without this helpful book.

Study the scores of helpful suggestions. Look at the attractive color photographs. Find out how many different kinds of fun a vacation in New York State can offer!

Here, in one great state, you have a choice of fifteen entirely different regions—each containing a wide variety of summer resorts! The book tells you where to go and what to see.

Helps make your holiday perfect!

Planning your New York State vacation with the help of this book is the first step toward a perfect holiday. It helps you to make your reservations in advance and avoid disappointment.

It's all here in pictures:

1. The great mountain ranges.
2. The quiet rolling country.
3. The broad white beaches of the seashore.

4. The multitude of historical shrines.
5. The host of lakes and rivers.
6. The glamorous night life of the large cities.

It's yours—free!

Every member of the family will enjoy planning a vacation with the help of this informative book, *Summer in New York State*. The book is full

of vital, up-to-the-minute information. Helps you decide exactly what you want to do and tells you where to go to find it, easily and quickly.

This is Victory Vacation Year. You've earned it—now enjoy it in New York State. Fill out and mail the coupon below right now. That's all you have to do to get the 40-page book with color photographs—FREE.

FILL IN — MAIL — TODAY!

CHECK REGION THAT MOST INTERESTS YOU: ☐ Catskills-Albany Region ☐ Niagara Frontier ☐ Oneida Region ☐ Saratoga-Lake George ☐ Finger Lakes ☐ Central New York ☐ Mohawk Valley ☐ 1,000 Islands-St. Lawrence ☐ Adirondacks ☐ Capital District ☐ Catskills ☐ Hudson-Tenmile Region ☐ New York City ☐ Long Island	New York State Department of Commerce Room No. 4, 112 State Street, Albany 7, New York Please send me, without cost, your color-illustrated booklet, <i>SUMMER IN NEW YORK STATE</i>, and further information about the region I have checked. Name _____ Address _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____ PLEASE CHECK ☐ Send me, for framing, the full-color New York State Romance Map
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ASK FOR
PORTER
Carpet Sweeper
MAKES SWEEPING
a real
pleasure



PORTER STEEL SPECIALTIES



Seacoast Village



"Lobsterman's Wharf," by Zsisly, who has won the W. A. Clark Prize and Altman Prize of the National Academy of Design, the Corcoran Silver Medal, and the Brower Prize of the Art Institute of Chicago.

and IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE WHEREVER YOU GO

LITTLE VILLAGES with large horizons—looking out to sea. All up and down our long coastline their salty, sun-bleached, windswept charm is a picturesque part of the American Scene.

Maxwell House—too—is part of the American scene—for America is a nation of coffee lovers, and Maxwell House has won millions of friends. Today it is enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee



in America for its extra flavor richness!

To give Maxwell House that *extra* flavor many choice Latin-American coffees are blended by experts for *mellowness . . . vigor . . . richness . . . full body*. Then "Radiant Roasting" develops the *full* flavor goodness. No wonder—all over this land of ours—it's Maxwell House wherever you go!

TUNE IN . . . Maxwell House Coffee Time . . . every Thursday night, over NBC.



A Product of General Foods

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

No wonder it's bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in America!

Distinguished Performance

Ever since the first appearance of Premier cleaners in 1911, American women have come to expect a continuing excellence of performance from every Premier. Today, countless thousands of discriminating people are demanding a "personal appearance" of the new Premier in their homes. But, despite the ever-increasing supply, there aren't enough Premiers—right now—to satisfy this overwhelming popularity. Nevertheless, everyone who values quality will agree that distinguished performance of any kind will always be eagerly watched for... and waited for!

PREMIER VACUUM CLEANERS
1770 Ivanhoe Rd., Cleveland 10, O.

P.S. (Premier Saving)

Compare Premier's price with that of any other top-quality cleaner. Built to give years of dependable service. Sold by retail stores exclusively.



PREMIER

"All that the name implies"

HE'S BEING MARRIED TODAY!

I took this on his first birthday and mounted it in a moment with NuAce Snapshot Mounting Corners. They've kept it safe for 25 years. I'd never be without them to protect my snapshot fortune in memories.

Only 10c for 100 corners in your choice of 10 colors. At 5c & 10c and other stores.

ACE ART CO., READING, MASS.

Louis Bromfield writes

THE BEES AND THE FLOWERS. Only the great Louis Bromfield can tell this simple story of Nature and God, working in marvelous ways over millions of years, to evolve the intricate and beautifully delicate systems by which life may reproduce life.

on page 20 in this issue

Paul Gallico writes

JUSTICE FOR A RUINED GIRL. Here Paul Gallico begins another in the series of colorful and great American newspaper stories.

on page 6 in this issue

More Quickie Recipes

WHEN company appears at the last minute these are nice to fill in with for that special dish that dresses up the meal.

Provencal Egg Filling

3 tablespoons fortified margarine or sour cream
12 ripe olives
12 anchovies
6 hard-cooked eggs
6 to 12 capers (in tarragon vinegar)
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon powdered ginger
½ teaspoon cayenne

Salt, pepper to taste
Let the butter or margarine stand at room temperature till softened. Cut the olives from the seeds, then press the olives, anchovies, capers and both yolks and whites of eggs through a ricer or sieve. Add the butter or margarine and seasonings, blend smoothly. Spread on finger-length or fancy shapes of bread, for open-face sandwiches or on crackers.

Use for rolled sandwiches,

too. Makes 18 to 36 small sandwiches.

Peanut Butter and Jelly

½ cup peanut butter
2 to 4 tablespoons margarine or butter
½ cup any tart jelly
Powdered anise to taste.
Mix the peanut butter with sufficient margarine or butter to make it smooth-spreadable. Add the powdered anise; then mix with the jelly. Spread on thin, buttered slices of white or rye bread. This makes eight to 12 small sandwiches.

Eggs in Potato Cups

SHAPE seasoned mashed potatoes into balls, using about one-third cup of the potatoes for each. Set the balls on a greased baking sheet, or in a greased shallow pan. With a spoon press the center of the ball to form a cup. Break an egg into each cup. Season with salt and pepper. Set the pan in a moderate oven (325 Deg. F.) 20 minutes, or till the egg is as firm as desired.

ORDER THESE CHARTS FOR YOUR KITCHEN

If you missed the good recipes published in past months, here's a chance to get them reprinted in easily accessible form. Order them by name; send a three-cent stamp for each one you want.

Good Curry Dishes
Dessert Recipes
Salads and Dressings
Vegetable Cookery
Let's Eat Fish
Eggs for Every Meal
"Pick-to-the-Bone" Dishes
18 Famous Almanac Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
Favorite Mexican Recipes
20 New England Recipes

Oyster Recipes
Meat for Family Meals
New Cookies
Selected Foreign Recipes
Wall-to-Wall
Pies and Pastry
Pancakes and Rollups
22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
31 Almanac Preserves Recipes
20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes
Coffee Time Doughnuts & Cakes

They will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each.

Write name and address plainly.

ALMANAC RECIPES DEPARTMENT
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
89 EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Patterns of the Week



3800
SIZES
10-16

3772
SIZES
14-20
32-42



3091

PATTERN 3800—Spring-summer model. Front drawing necklines, new sleeves, inset belt, notched pockets. Ties—age sizes 10-16. Size 12, 2½ yds. 35-in.

PATTERN 3772—Comfortable "open-front" dress. Bottom-front dress simplifies wearing; may have cap, short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 14-20 and 32-42. Size 16, 3 yds. 39-in. fabric.

PATTERN 3091—Easy cross-stitching worked in bright colors for a lively touch to kitchen towels. Pattern has transfer of six motifs averaging 5½ x 7 in. Directions and stitching given.

PRICE OF EACH PATTERN 25c (in coin). Print plainly **SIZES, S.T.Y.L., NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS.** Send orders to: **AMERICAN WEEKLY Pattern Department, 638 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.**

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

HERE'S HOW

to relieve discomfort when you EAT • DRINK • SMOKE TOO MUCH



Be Bright! Feel Right! **TAKE ENO**

From now on, forget those "morning-after" blues! Simply take your well-known Eno at bedtime and you'll quickly help neutralize excess stomach acid; ease upset "full feeling" overnight!—When you wake, take Eno as a speedy, gentle laxative. Caution: use only as directed. Used successfully by millions—so buy good tasting Eno at your druggist today!

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!

1. ANTIACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—quickly relieves temporary sluggishness. Take before breakfast, when needed.



Blondes!

HOW TO WASH HAIR SHADES LIGHTER SAFELY

With New Home Shampoo Made Specially for Blondes

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called **BLONDEX**, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dirt, discolors hair that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 15 minutes at home. Give hair attractive luster and highlight. Safe for children's hair. Get **BLONDEX** at 10c, drug and department stores.

New SAFE "Touch-up" Rinse Washes Off Like Make-up

When you finish with your **BLONDEX** shampoo, use **BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE** to add the lustrous touch. Not permanent—washes off as easily as make-up. Costs little to use. Sold everywhere.

UPSET STOMACH

"Pepto-Bismol is good for that"

Never upset an upset stomach with overdoses of antacid or harsh physics. Be gentle with it. Take soothing **PEPTO-BISMOL**. Not a laxative. Not an antacid. It calms and soothes your upset stomach. Pleasant to the taste—children love it. Ask your druggist for **PEPTO-BISMOL** when your stomach is upset.

A NORWICH PRODUCT

To New Mothers

Give your baby quick relief from the fiery itching of Diaper Rash... Dry Eczema... Chafing... Prickly Heat Rash

Just smooth on soothing, medicated Resinol.

Generations of mothers have used this bland, quick-acting ointment for baby's skin comfort. Let their experience help you to keep your baby happy.

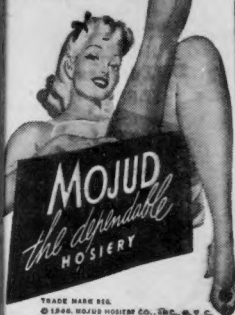
For bathing use mild Resinol Soap.

RESINOL

MOJUD

... a name that means everything you can ask for in nylon stockings

Stockings are still scarce, and often you can't get Mojuds, but in time more will be available. Then, as before the scarcity, you'll be able to say: "Mojuds please ... and get them."



Tampax Weather coming soon.. Prepare Now!

Extra summer benefits from this monthly sanitary protection

One spell of warm weather—and users of Tampax begin to appreciate it more than ever. No pins, no belts—and none of the bulk of external pads. In fact, there's not an iota of heat or discomfort in Tampax. Believe it or not, Tampax may even be worn in swimming... Originated and perfected by a doctor for internal use, Tampax cannot be felt by the wearer when in place. It cradles no bulge, bunch or "line" in any costume. Made of hygienic surgical cotton compressed into dainty applicators, Tampax is quick to change and easy to dispose of. No odor. No chafing... Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. A month's supply will fit into your purse. The economy box holds 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



New Weapons Against Toothache

Researchers at Northwestern University have discovered a vitamin K gum. A dentist at the University of Illinois never had a toothache and decided to discover why. Read Robert Potter's article in this issue.

on page 10

Develop Lovelier Legs



Kelly Bind

By SALLY YOUNG

"GIRLS needn't depend any longer on the gifts of the gods for well-formed legs," says a famous authority on the care of the legs and feet.

If you are dissatisfied with the form and shape of your legs, proper exercises can help their contour. If your legs are too heavy, too thin, or ill-shaped, this indicates a lack of balanced muscular activity, or perhaps stiff or weak muscles, or poor circulation, flabby or enlarged tissue.

Coordinated Function
TO COUNTERACT these developments, this leg authority has created the "nastics" method of exercise. It is based upon the fact that the muscles of the entire body function in coordinated groups. Correct performance of proper nastics motions will normalize, strengthen and beautify the contour of distorted muscles of the lower limbs and will improve circulation and walking habits.

There is no age limit for these nastics and they are recommended for young and old. But it will take hard work to either develop or slim your legs. So do not look for results overnight. Make a daily routine of performing all of the exercises slowly and accurately, about ten times each day. Each of the exercises is part of the whole coordinating process, so be sure to do all for best results.

Nastics

START with the correct basic position. Stand with your knees straight; hands on hips; shoulders back; head up. Walk on your heels, lifting your toes up from the floor. Take 10 short steps on your heels, then six short steps on your toes. Repeat.

For the next exercise, sit with your legs wide apart, arms parallel over the legs, raise each leg alternately without bending the knee and grasp the toes with the

corresponding hand. Repeat 10 times.

For the third exercise, sit erect with legs together. Clasp your hands behind the neck, bend your knees, bring your feet as close to the buttocks as possible. Lift and stretch your legs horizontally and lower them slowly to first position. Don't tire or strain yourself with this exercise, but slowly increase the number of times you do it—until you can do it 10 times with ease.

Another exercise is: kneel with knees together and feet wide apart. With arms forward extended, sit down between your legs on the floor. Repeat 10 times.

And you might also try this one: lie on your back with arms extended sideways, legs wide apart. Raise your right hand and left leg simultaneously, keeping the toes of that foot with your right hand. Alternate and repeat 10 times.

Straight Legs

BOW LEGS are usually due to bone structure but very often bad standing posture might be responsible for them, or at least it makes slightly bowed legs worse. Airplane hostesses, in their training course, are given special exercises to correct such defects in their appearance. One for straighter legs is this: stand erect with weight on balls of feet, knees slightly bent. Put your feet together and then strain until your calves touch, and your knees also. Turn the knees out, then relax. Never separate the knees while you are doing this exercise. It will be hard at first but the muscles will soon become accustomed to the strain.

Massage

MASSAGE, too, will help considerably in slimming your legs. Grasp the ankle with both hands and work up to the knee, kneading the fatty tissue as you go along.

Well-Brushed Hair

WHETHER you bob your hair or not, well-brushed hair is the foundation for all coiffures and a good hair brush is an essential. There are beautiful new brushes coming into the shops in a variety of sizes and shapes to suit the individual preferences of both

men and women. The handle and frame of these new brushes are made of sturdy, light-weight lucite, crystal clear or in color, and the bristles are of long-wearing and easily laundered nylon.

With proper care, these brushes will give you many years of effective service.

MENNEN BABY BUNDLE FREE!



If you're expecting a baby... Send coupon for your grand Mennen Baby Bundle! You'll receive: 1. New Baby Care Guide, latest instructions. 2. Beautiful new book of 2000 names for baby, and meanings. 3. Perfumed Sachet Card for baby's clothes. 4. Helpful Shopping List of baby needs. 5. Generous sample bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil!

IMPORTANT! Millions of mothers know that by smothering Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on baby's body daily, you help keep baby's delicate skin lovely, comfy, glowing with health. Most doctors, hospitals and nurses say Mennen Baby Oil is best for baby. Being antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent urine irritation, diaper rash, many other troubles. And Mennen babies smell so sweet. Get both Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder now, for baby's first day home.



MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL AND BABY POWDER



SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

P.O. Box 1126, The Mennen Company, Newark 1, N. J.
PLEASE PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY IN INK. (This coupon will be used as your Baby Bundle label.)
Send me the Mennen Baby Bundle free. I expect a baby about:

Date _____ (Write approximate date your expected baby)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

FREE GIFT! NEW ETERNAL HAIR-O-SCOPE



helps you choose your hair color as nature does

Gone forever—that stagey tinted look! Now, ETERNAL'S Hair-O-Scope singles out the colors that blend naturally with your complexion. Then, an ETERNAL Tint Oil Shampoo as your hairdresser's—and dull gray strands glow again with silky sparkling color—the exact shade your Hair-O-Scope dictates, thanks to ETERNAL color control. Write for the ETERNAL Hair-O-Scope in full color to Paragon Distributing Corp., Dept. A-6, 8 West 32nd Street, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

eternal
TINT OIL SHAMPOO
Tints, reconditions, cleanses

"Does your ad-writer fall asleep before the washing is done?" *Writes Mrs. L.E. Blinkinsop of Clinton, Iowa.*



"Doesn't he know DUZ does more than towels, overalls and undies?"

asks Mrs. Blinkinsop. "Your ads always talk about just those three things.

"That's o.k.—as far as it goes. But everybody knows by now that, DUZ does towels white as a cloud (a very white cloud). That it washes dirty work clothes clean in jig-time. And that it's safer for pretty undies than any other 'big-name' washday soap.

"But what kind of a house does your ad-writer live in? Doesn't he wash anything *else*?"



"Doesn't he have any kids?"

"Don't they get their shirts and pants and dresses dirty? Then, for goodness sake, why doesn't he tell how fast DUZ gets out the grime yet helps to keep the colors in? Even when I dry the wash downstairs in winter, the white clothes look snowy and colors stay brighter with DUZ!"



"Don't his windows have curtains?"

"Doesn't he ever wash them? Then he ought to tell people how clean DUZ does the edges that have dragged on dirty sills . . . how safe it is even for delicate, colored washables. I know! My house has 27 windows!"



"Doesn't his dog get dirty?"

"Our Cocker Spaniel, 'Pepper,' does—and (you guessed it!) DUZ does him clean! Of course, I have to DUZ my husband's sport shirt afterwards, but that's no chore. Yes, the same DUZ that gets my sheets so white is safe for a bright plaid shirt!"

"So why doesn't your ad-writer tell folks no other leading washday soap can hold a candle to DUZ for solving *all* kinds of washing problems. You just can't beat it for cleaning quick and washing safe!"



DUZ does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

It's a NEW FORMULA, boss



KILLS FLEAS SAFE FOR ME

THE new Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder has DDT, Boss, and a combination of other important ingredients that work together to kill fleas... without bothering me. The Sergeant folks worked for years to perfect the formula and it has been thoroughly tested on dogs... it doesn't stir up the fleas... it simply kills them fast, and sure. Come on, let's get it now at the drug or pet store. We can get SKIP-FLEA Soap, too.

Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER

Fingerprints vanish from woodwork & wall



"Cheese it—the SOILAX!"

Sponge 'em with SOILAX and water— that's all!



Get SOILAX at Hardware, Paint, Variety and Department Stores. Economic Laboratory, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.

PROMPT RELIEF AMAZES!

I tried everything... then Cuticura promptly relieved my skin trouble!



Cuticura soothes itching, helps heal externally caused pimples, rashes. FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-127, Malden, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"Quickie Recipes" on page 36 for Last Minute Guests.

Household-Shopping Tips



Kelly Bird

lawn blouse; a heavy, butcher linen-textured spun rayon overall should be handled like any other heavy linen or denim overall. If the label does not give the detailed instructions, and you are using a washing machine, use plenty of soft, hot water and soap. Rinse well until the water is clear and wring in the usual manner. Avoid too hot water, or stretching and pulling; do not hang the garments in hot sunshine or near intense heat.

In hand washing use soft, lukewarm water. Make plenty of suds with a mild soap. Be sure the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Rinse well, till the water is clear. Wring or squeeze the

water out.

How Do You Buy?

WHEN buying drapery or curtain fabrics, these are the qualities which should be important to you: Satisfactory washing or drycleaning without stretching or running color; a high degree of color fastness to strong sunlight.

In ready-made draperies and curtains look for well-finished, straight hems, with stitching secured at the ends; look for ample hems and heading. On glass curtains the top hems (heading and casing) should be two to three inches; the bottom hems should be one and a half to three inches. On draperies the heading should be three to five inches; the bottom hems should be two to three and one-half inches.

Any ruffles should be properly finished with no raw edges; and the strips of drapery or curtain should be wide enough to hang gracefully at the window for which they are intended.

Rayon and Wool Rugs

MANY of the new rugs making their appearance in the shops are of blended rayon and wool. They are easy to care for. Use a vacuum cleaner or carpet sweeper every day to pick up surface dust and dirt. Never shake or beat any rug. This weakens fibers, breaks the yarn and loosens the hems and bindings on worn edges.

Use a cleaning powder frequently. This is a quick, easy method which helps remove surface dirt. Sprinkle commercial rug cleaning powder over the entire rug, brush it in well, allow it to dry and then vacuum the rug thoroughly, or sweep it thoroughly. And turn the rug and clean its underside frequently.

Some housekeepers like to "shampoo" their rugs on the floor. The soapless lathers brighten the colors and help remove surface dirt and spots. However, a professional rug cleaner should be entrusted with the job of thoroughly shampooing any rug. Regular cleaning by such a firm will make all rugs wear longer and look better.

A good rug cushion helps prevent excessive flattening of the rug pile. Turn rugs around frequently so they wear more evenly.

"I hate to scare you...but"



DO YOU KNOW THAT JUST 2 INCHES FROM WHERE YOU WASHED YOUR BABY'S SPOON... FILTHY SEWER GERMS ARE SWARMING IN YOUR SINK DRAIN?

DON'T BE SILLY... I SCRUB MY SINK LIKE A BEAVER!



(SURVEY MOUNTAIN LABORATORIES)



SCRUBBING WON'T DRIVE OFF THE NASTY THINGS... IT TAKES Drano TO BOIL OUT SEWER GERMS AND MAKE YOUR SINK SAFE, SANITARY! SCOOT OUT FOR Drano... I'LL WATCH THE BABY.

AND Drano OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS TOO!

Don't take health chances! Don't let drains stop up or breed Sewer Germs! Use Drano regularly. Keep drains free-running—germ-free.



Never over 25¢ at hardware, grocery, and drug stores.

Drano
T. M. Roy, D. S. Pat. Off. by The Drano Co.

OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS
CLEARS OUT SEWER GERMS



Drano makes septic tanks work better—cuts down odors



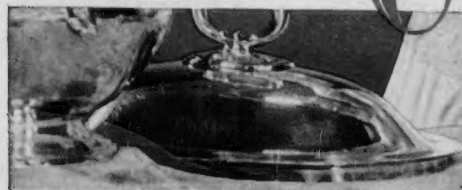
Trade Mark "Walp" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Millions prefer its Soft strength



—and it's
ABC
for keeps

ALWAYS BUY **CHESTERFIELD**



A. ALWAYS Milder
B. BETTER TASTING
C. COOLER SMOKING

The RIGHT COMBINATION of the WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS — PROPERLY AGED

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